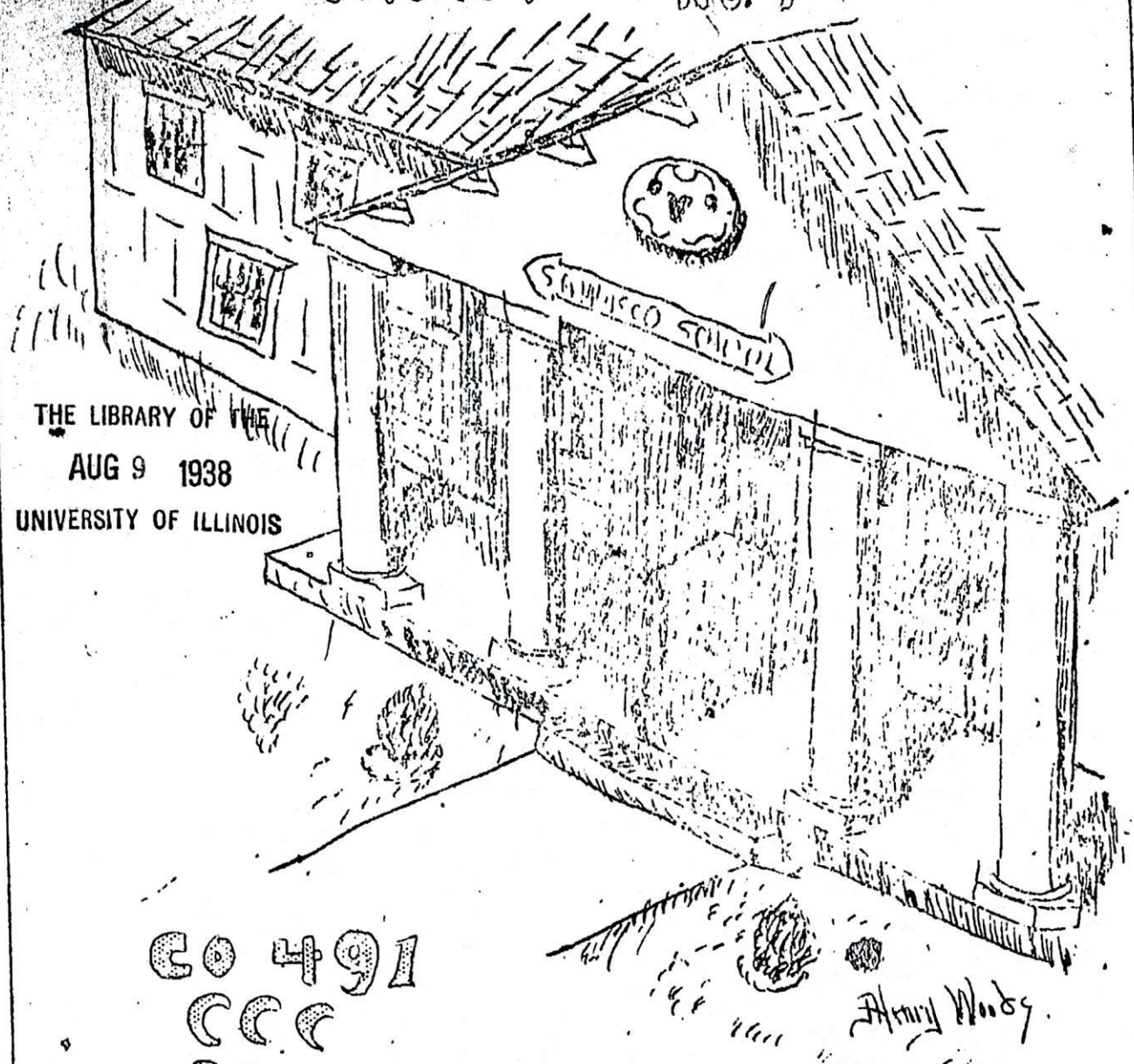
THE SOUTHERNER

Volume I No. 1



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CCC
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WARRENTON, OREGON

JULY 25, 1938

THE SOUTHERNER, PUBLSIHED SEMI-MONTHLY BY THE JOURNALISM CLASS OF CAMP WARRENTON CCC CO. 491, SCS-07, WARRENTON, OREGON.

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John B. Parrott 1lst Lt. CA-Res. Commanding
Dr. Joseph McConnell Contract Surgeon
Ivan W. Ginther Educational Adviser
Gordon R. Donley Acting Project Superintendent

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STAFF

Earl Houston Editor
Henry Wood Art Editor
Hilliard Cohhrane Reporter
John Bragg Reporter
Harry Wheat Reporter
Roy L. Moses Reporter
William Sodberry Reporter
Fred Bozeman Reporter
Elmer W. Farrell Reporter
Harold Thomas Reporter

***

This is the first issue of the company paper under the new name of THE SOUTHERNER, which was selected after much deliberation.

The editorial staff hopes that the readers will get as much enjoyment out of this paper as they did the old WEST WIND.

It is our aim to have the best company paper in the entire district. THE SOUTHERNER will be published semi-monthly, and will contain editorials written by various officers and technical service officials, jokes, sports, social news, general news, tips on movies, recreation, and educational activities.

***

Col. Ralph R. Glass, acting District Commander, visited Camp Warrenton last week on an inspection of the district.

Col. Glass made several nice comments about the camp.

***

Another visitor in camp last week was Capt. James M. Carr, Sub-district Commander.

Lt. John B. Parrott recently took a five-day leave, and he and Mrs. Parrott went to British Columbia where they visited in Vancouver, Victoria, and other places of interest. They reported a very enjoyable time.

***

WE ARE LOSING

James E. Kistner, Project Superintendent, and we deeply regret his departure. Mr. Kistner took an active part in athletics, playing first base on our soft-ball team, and boosting all kinds of sports and recreation.

He was always thinking of new ways to better the educational and training program, and would many times sacrifice personal pleasure and time to help along those lines.

All of the men in the company know they could go to him and talk over problems a personal or other nature, and receive sound advice from him.

Jim, as he was known by his closer associates, will be missed in more ways than one. Always ready for a joke or a bit of play, yet ever alert for a chance to help someone over a rough spot, he most certainly will be missed.

No doubt, he will make good at his new location, as Jim has plenty on the ball and knows his job.

He will be missed on the Educational Committee, where he served excellently. His many sound suggestions along educational lines, and his cooperation in construction of the new educational building are evidences of that.

To the last man in the company, we wish you the best of luck in your new location, Jim. Drop in on us occasionally, and exchange a bit of news.

WE HOPE

that the fire over near Jewell is soon corralled and stomped out.

MR. GLORGE TOBIN, SCS FOREMAN, RELATES CCC EXPERIENCES:

In June of 1933, during the depression, I joined the CCC as I could not find work anywhere. I had a wife, and my youngest daughter was 15 and in high school at that time.

I signed up as an L.E.M., as I am a logger. They took 16 L. E.M.'s and about 200 boys from St. Louis to a place called Loon Lake, where we were to build a camp. We got there about 5:00P.M. and had not had any lunch. The officers in charge said we had to get the tents up for the night. The bunch of boys had never before seen a tent, and none were very helpful. We worked without getting anything to eat. I thought we should have taken our cots and slept out in the open, as it was the 15th of June and warm weather. I had just put in six seasons fighting fires and was accustomed to sleeping anyplace.

We got the tents up about 10:30 that night and then had something to eat.

I don't think I was ever so disgusted in my life. Next morning we had to take the tents down and put board floor down, then put the tents up again. I really believe that if it had not been for thinking of my wife and daughter, I would have gone over the hill.

We remained in this camp until October and then moved to the other obd of the road where we constructed good old Camp Walker. I was made an Assistant Leader for two months, and then rated to a Leader.

At this camp I remained until 1935 when my break came. The Soil Conservation Service started a sand dune camp at Warrenton, and I was appointed senior foreman to plant Holland Grass and build sand fences.

Camp life may have been a little tough when the CCC started, but things have grown better, and if not the best organization, it is a worthy one and a success.

Although I was 56 when I signed up, I can see where it has helped me a lot. As a foreman now, I as well as the rest of the personnel, am very proud of the work that our boys have done. I say "our boys", because our camp is just like one big family.

EDUCATION FOR BUSINESS

Business education in America is inique in its vigor and in its lack of guidance. It has exhibited a remarkable growth and aroused an unusual interest in the general mind, but it has received a minimum of thoughtful attention from those institutions which are professionally concerned with education.

Business education has never been subjected to an "overview." As a result no one type of business education institution has been able to clearly outline its program in relation to the work of other types. With this disability, institutions have multiplied, not to supplement one another, but largely to compete in doing similar work.

-Leverett S. Lyon
Univ. of Chicago

SPORTS

By Wm. Sedberry

SOUTHERNERS DEFEAT SIDDALL'S 9 TO 3.

The Southerners softball team staged a good old-fashioned southern barbecue the night of July 2nd at Gyro Field, and roasted Siddall's team in a withering fire of 14 hits to win their first game of the season, 9 to 3.

It was Lt. John Parrott and Prof. Ginther, the high voltage battery for the Southerners, who turned Siddall's on the pike until well done. Prof's queer twist ball baffled the kids in orange and black and they made only five hits off Prof.

The Southerners played as if they had been waiting all season for this particular night.

The game was started in the old-style fashion. Jim Kistner at first base dropped a ball and threw another away in the first inning and the sprightly Siddall youngsters crossed the plate twice. The Southerners scored in the third inning but Siddall's scored again, taking a 3 to 1 lead.

Lt. Parrott, first up, walked and was out on second, forced by Kistner who was safe on first. Then John Landrum, Jack Lindsey, James Ables and Jesse Tucker all hit in succession. Williamson walked off the faltering Atwood, Siddall's moundsman, and Prof smashed out a line double, driving in two more runs.

Siddall's team, ordinarily the smoothest fielding team in the league, was shaken by this sudden turn of events and before th game was over, had booted the ball five times. The

Next column please

Southerners scored two more in the fifth, pushing their total tallies to nine.

Jesse Tucker hit four out of five, including two doubles, and James Ables successfully handled nine chances at third base.

Summary:

Siddall's	201 000 0-3	5	5
Camp Warrenton	001 620 x-9	11	2

Bats: Atwood and Lokan; Ginther and Parrott.

***

The Southerners have won one game from and lost one to the Eastern Outfitting team of Astoria. Both games were played at Gyro Field.

In the first game we won 10 to 9, but the last game ended 4 to 1 in their favor. However we did give them, by their own admission, the worst scare they have had this year.

***

The base-ball team of this company recently won two games. Defeating the Westport team 14 to 3, and the Warrenton town team 10 to 2.

***

Last night's game with the Junior Service Club was rather disappointing. The score being 10 to 0 in their favor.

Tonight we meet Siddall's again on Gyro Field at Astoria.

Funny Stuff

At the beginning, let it be understood that here on those pages are jokes pulled on different individuals, and they are meant only in a sense of fun and good followship.

If anyone has his foolings hurt, we are sorry, and if he will let us know about it, we will not pull any joke on him in the future.

----The Staff

Where?

Doctor: "Now, young man, what have you got to say for yourself?"

Son: (about to get a licking). "How about a little local anasthetic?"

STRONG STUFF

A woman once went into a store to get some strong cheese. The grocer got her some and she said it wasn't strong enough. So he got her some more. No, she said.

He kept getting her stronger and stronger stuff, but each time the customer would shake her head. Finally, in desperation, the grocer called to his hired boy:

"Jimmy, open the Refrigerator and let No. 7 walk out."

CCC

SENOR GARLIC, STRONG MAN

It seems that Frank Watson once signed up for a correspondence course in muscle building.

After a year of taking the course, he wrote the following letter:

Senor Strongfeet
New York City

Dear Sir:

I have just finished your course in muscle building. It is a very good course.

Truly,
Frank Watson

P.S. Please send the muscles.

POME

sent in by Algernon J. Twitchbottom, camp poet:

They walked down the lane together
The sky was covered with stars,
They reached the gate in silence,
And he lifted for her the bars.
She neither smiled nor thanked him,
Because she knew not how,
For he was only a farmer lad,
And she was a Jersey cow.

OUR MOONSTRUCK ROMEO,

Throbbington J. Throckmorton, sent in this poem of love and stuff:

The moon shines down on the quivering river,
It's so cold out that I stand and shiver,
But no matter how numb I get, or blue,
I'll always remember that I love you.

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Yeah, man.

CCC

GOON HELTON'S two funny sayings:

"If he doesn't get the money I owe him when he needs it, he's sure going to need it when he gets it."

and

"I'd die owing him before I'd let him think I was trying to beat him out of it."

SCS-07

Not bad, not bad.

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DUTCH WILLIAMSON says: "A man can get whisky almost anywhere these days. Getting over it is the problem."

SCS

THEME SONG FOR DOC SEDBERRY: The Sawing Is Ended, But The Malady Lingers On.

CCC

More Funny Stuff

ABOUT RIGHT

Frod: "Holt, will you call Tate at 6:00?"

Tate: "Oh, he needn't bother. I always get up at a quarter to six."

Holt: "Then would you mind calling me at 6:00?"

491

SOME ARE LIKE THAT

Mary bought a bathing suit,
Scarce bigger than a snuff----
But size did not abash this dame,
For Mary had the stuff.

ccc

"Are you the waiter that took my order?"

"Yes, sir."

"M-m. Still looking well, I see. How are your grandchildren?"

491

Prof Ginther: "When were you born, Cobb?"

Cobb: "December 9th. I wanted to be home for Christmas."

CCC

TWO PIGS

were talking. Said the first one to the second:

"Any news from the boar friend lately?"

"Yes," replied the second. "I just had a litter last week."

491

HAW

Slim Collins: "Who was that peach I saw you out with last night?"

Hank Woods: "That wasn't a peach, that was a grapefruit."

Slim: "Why grapefruit?"

Hank: "I squoozed her and she hit me in the eye."

CCC

PRETTY TOUGH

Tucker: "Where I come from, the canaries are so tough they sing bass."

McCmuber: "Huh, that's nothing. Where I come from they had to shoot a man to start a cemetary"

CCC

CHARLIE PRICE

was being examined for his driver's license.

"And what is the white line in the middle of the road for?" asked the examiner.

"For bicycles, I reckon," Charlie told him.

491

RIGHT

Mrs. Strito: "And what is cowhide chiefly used for?"

Andy Rush: "To keep the cow together, ma'm;"

CCC

OLD DUST

Lt. Parrott: "Just look at the dust on this desk, Elmer. It's eight months old."

First Sarge Farroll: "Then it hasn't anything to do with me, Lieutenant. I've only been here six months."

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"My goodness," said the hen, as she saw the porcelain egg in her nest, "I'll be a bricklayer next."

SCS

PUNY POME

Hickory dickory dock,
The mouse ran up the clock.
The clock struck one,
And the mouse went to lunch.

491

SHAM BATTLE

Enemy: "You are my prisoner."

Sergeant Binks: "How did you get over here?"

Enemy: "Over the bridge."

Sarge: "Then, my dear fellow, you're drowned. We blew up that bridge yesterday."

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Angry Parent: "I'll teach you to make love to my daughter!"

John I.: "I wish you would. I'm not making any headway."

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It is bad sportsmanship to hit a man when he is down unless he's on the other side and the referee isn't looking, says Jawn Landrum.

EDUCATION

17 COMPLETE FIRST AID COURSE

The First Aid Class conducted by Mrs. Strite has come to a close with seventeen graduates.

****

OFFICERS ELECTED FOR ENROLLEE GOVERNMENT PLAN.

A new departure in learning contributing citizenship is being undertaken by the enrollees of this company. There has been set up a system of enrollee government with officers and foremen assigned as advisers to each unit.

The company has elected the following officers: President Harold Thomas, Vice President Alva Williamson, and Secretary Lillard Nabors.

The president of this unit has appointed committees in safety, education, publicity, recreation, sports and camp improvement. Each committee consists of five enrollees with the officer or foreman adviser chosen by the committee.

The president of this enrollee self-governing group is to conduct all-camp night, calling at that time upon the various committees to report their progress durin the week. The recreation committee will present the entertainment by organizing camp entertainment features.

****

MINSTREL SHO STAGED

The Dramatics Club recently presented a minstrel show to the company. Several outsiders were present, including Judge

Next column

Clifford Barlow of Warrenton, who presented Andy Rush with a bouquet of flowers for being the best dressed "woman" in the show. Harold Thomas, who, true to the theater's saying, "the show must go on," stayed right in there, despite a sore throat and swollen mouth.

****

25 TO TAKE LIFE SAVING COURSE OFFERED AT SEASIDE

Twenty-five men will be selectied to take the life saving course at Seaside this Summer. This course is offered by the Seaside chapter of the American Red Cross.

****

50 SEEK ELEMENTRY DIPLOMAS

The main objective of the new educational program is to have fifty or more enrollees get their elementry school diplomas. All enrollees who have completed the fifth, sixth and seventh grades have been formed into groups. Burdette Nelson, WPA instructor, is teaching classes in civics, geography and history, while Mrs. Inez Strité, another WPA instructor, is teaching spelling, english and abithmetic.

****

All men transferred to Camp Warrenton from Silver Creek Falls desiring to enroll in any class or correspondence course, please come to the Educational Office. Several courses are offered by the California State Department of Education.

Camp Chatter

BY EARL HOUSTON

It was certainly a tough break for fifty of the men last Saturday night when they were called out on fire detail just after they returned from a recreation trip to Astoria. Again at four o'clock Sunday morning, another fifty men were called out to relieve the fifty that went the night before.

Fifty men from this company have been fighting the fire in shifts all week, and Tuesday there were one-hundred men there. Twenty-five men went yesterday to stay until Friday. John Goron went along to cook for them. According to reports, the fire is almost under control. I am sure that all the men will be glad to get back to their regular work. Or, will they? We understand that feminine "KP's" have been feeding them at a logging camp near Jewell.

***

Recent visitors to Camp Warrenton were Mr. Hilbourne, SCS clerk from Newberg, Oregon, and Mr. Glover from the Pullman, (Washington) Nursery.

***

Mr. Willard T. McLaughlin of the SCS has just returned from a nice vacation and honeymoon. Mr. McLaughlin was married at Seattle, and he and his bride spent their honeymoon at Glacier National Park, Montana.

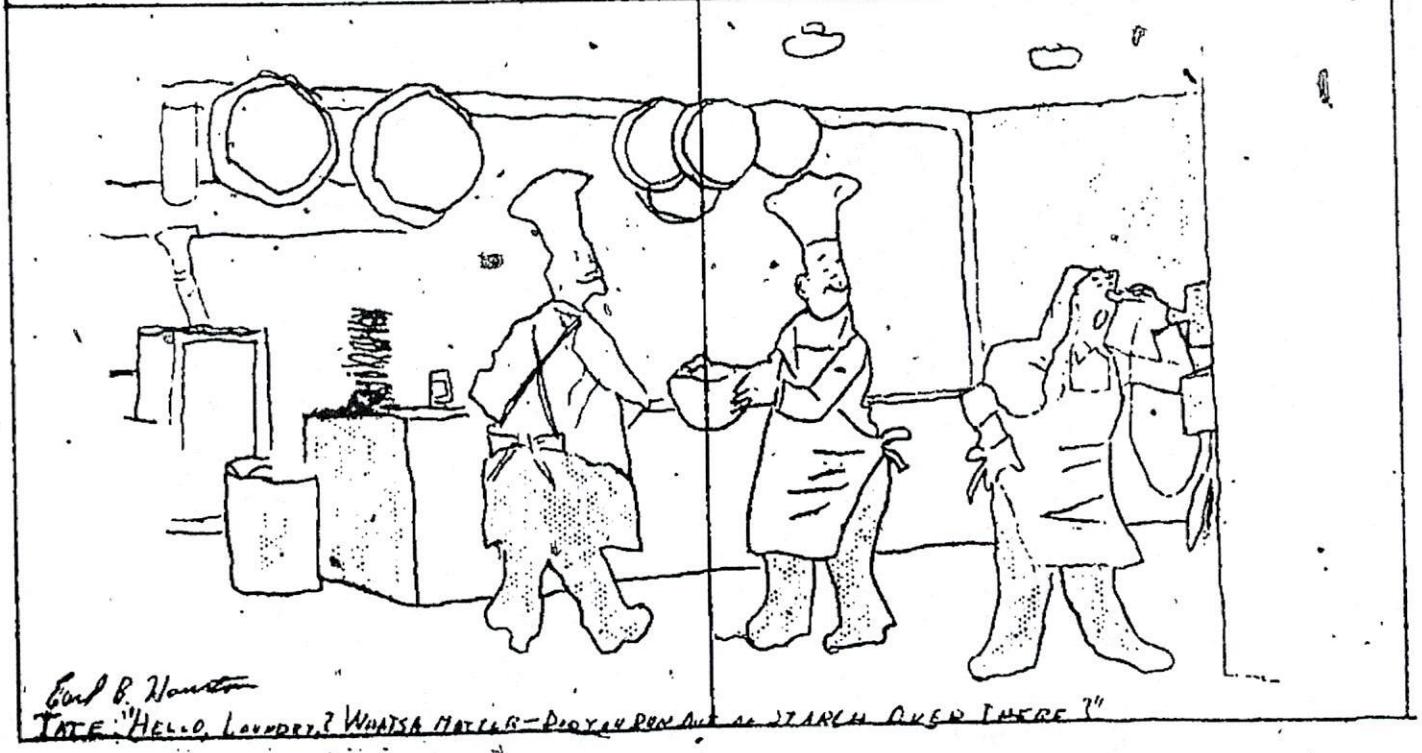
***

Mr. Clarence Laws, SCS shop-foreman, is also away on vacation. He is also spending his vacation in the states of Washington and Matrimony. We think.

***

We extend our deepest sympathy to Mr. George Tobin and family on the death of their son, Floyd, who was drowned while playing on a jetty at Reedsport.

He was thirty-two years of age.



Earl B. Houston

TATE: "HELLO, LAUNDRY? WHAT'S MATTER—DIDN'T YOU PUT ENOUGH STARCH OVER THERE?"

STUFF BY PROF.

It seems that Goon Helton is surely making wrackin' cakes these days. Yeah, man.

Jubileeing seems to be the most popular indoor sport this Summer among the gay young blades of the camp. Russell, Helton, Bearden, Bearmeat, and a flock of others are all jubileeing about quite a bit.

John "I". is cutting quite the jolly figure at the dances around this neck of the woods. He and Edward Holt can certainly kick those heels up and go to town.

Lt Senior David Davis seems to be [illegible] a little, but he getting plenty of [illegible] chiladas and [illegible].

It seems that First Sargo Farrell has discontinued the raising of rabbits for the Summer months.

This paper goes to "Bug" McBee, and he will no doubt get quite a bit of fun out of the above news and stuff, as he was always right in there, kidding and getting kidded, and laughing with all the gang. We all hope that "Bug" is getting along OK.

"Slim" and "Hank" can be seen any evening at dusk, ambling toward the town of Warrenton, just to be doing something, they say. Everyone else says it's something else, that a wee bit of romance is tangled up with it somewhere.

Maggie McGee seems to be quite the pool shark.

Albert Glass left July 3rd for home. His mother is very ill.

Those ice-cold Coca-Colas are coming in right handy these days. Yeah, man.

Lt. Parrott certainly plays in tough luck. A split hand is his latest bit. Previous to that it was a game leg, and a bad knee. What next? The worst part of it is that now is the time when we need him the most, both on the baseball and the softball team. Horsecollar.

"Butch" Bailey got a pair of coveralls, size 40, and when he went to put it on he found that he looked like a cacoon, and couldn't even turn a flip in it, so he took it back and got size 44, one that fit, and now the OD driver is happy as a lark.

Sandwich has had poor business the past few weeks. An undertaker would starve to death around here, he says. Poor Sandwich.

Operator 38½ says that he heard that Billy Mitchell is swootening up a bit these days.

"Fat" Moses has really gone down in weight since he started dieting. He lost a whole pound.

"Dutch" Williamson is going to have a zipper put in his side, they say.

Nabors, Lindsey, Munn, and a flock of others went swimming the other day. Water was plenty cold, they said, and wet, but otherwise OK.

MORE STUFF

Chahley Price, (two down, two on base, two strikes, let's go) loses four or five pounds each baseball game he goes to. The rascal is one good bat, I mean bat boy.

The Twim Spruce Twins, Bragg and Wheat, have been seen in the community all spruced up in their Sunday go-to-meetin' clothes, escorting the damsels hither and yon these balmy summer evenings. Ah, youth, and ah, love.

How near ready are YOU for the exam that will give you your diploma? THAT is something to write home about.

This wrackin' is getting to be quite the thing around camp.

Birdseed is sweetonin up a bit, according to Operator 38½.

Someone said that "Mickey" Cochrane is so slim that he could take a bath in a shotgun barrell. We're not sure that he ever takes a bath.

That swimming pool that Fred built is looking quite all right these days with those natty looking lil goldfish in there, and those flowers blooming around the borders.

News from back homesays that the folks back there have been reading about what the menlin the camp any are doing. Newspapers there are printing what we send in.

Those lousy little no-see-ums can suck blood out of a turnip.

Where do you stand on the Educational Raring Board in the library?

At the Longshoremen's Picnic recently held at Astoria, Miss June Tobin, daughter of SCS fpreman, Mr. George Tobin, won the woman's rolling pin throwing contest, while Mess Sergeant Fred Bozeman won the hundred yard dash.

"RACKIN' POEM

I thought I was Okay,
Had a pretty good wrack.
But I found to my dismay----
Someone had wracked 'em back.
----Ralph J. Rackenum.

That bike of Holt's is getting one good workout. At least three thirds of the company has ridden the thing at one time or another. Fuller Pierce says he's goin to learn to double-clutch the thing, like he learned to double-clutch his old "T" Model back home.

ODE TO SADNESS
I'm sad. I had a gal
For which I had a yen----
'Till I found out she'd been
Going with other men.
---Romeo J. Byrd

DON'T FORGET
that Surveying group on Saturday morning at eight.

Tate says that the reason they call a cake a sponge cake back home is not because it's as tough as a sponge, but because the salt, baking powder, sugar, etc to make it with had been sponged off the next door neighbors.

Joe Archer says he's right, because he lived next to Tate.

Donley: (Far off in the rough)- "Say, caddy, why do you keep looking at your watch?"
Caddy: "It isn't a watch, sir; it's a compass."

The trouble with giving until it hurts is that so many persons bruise easily.

This space reserved for a joke that we couldn't think of.

EXCITED YOUNG FATHER:"Quick, tell me, is it a boy?"
NURSE: "Well, the one in the middle is."

Au revolver until next time.

The SOUTHERNER

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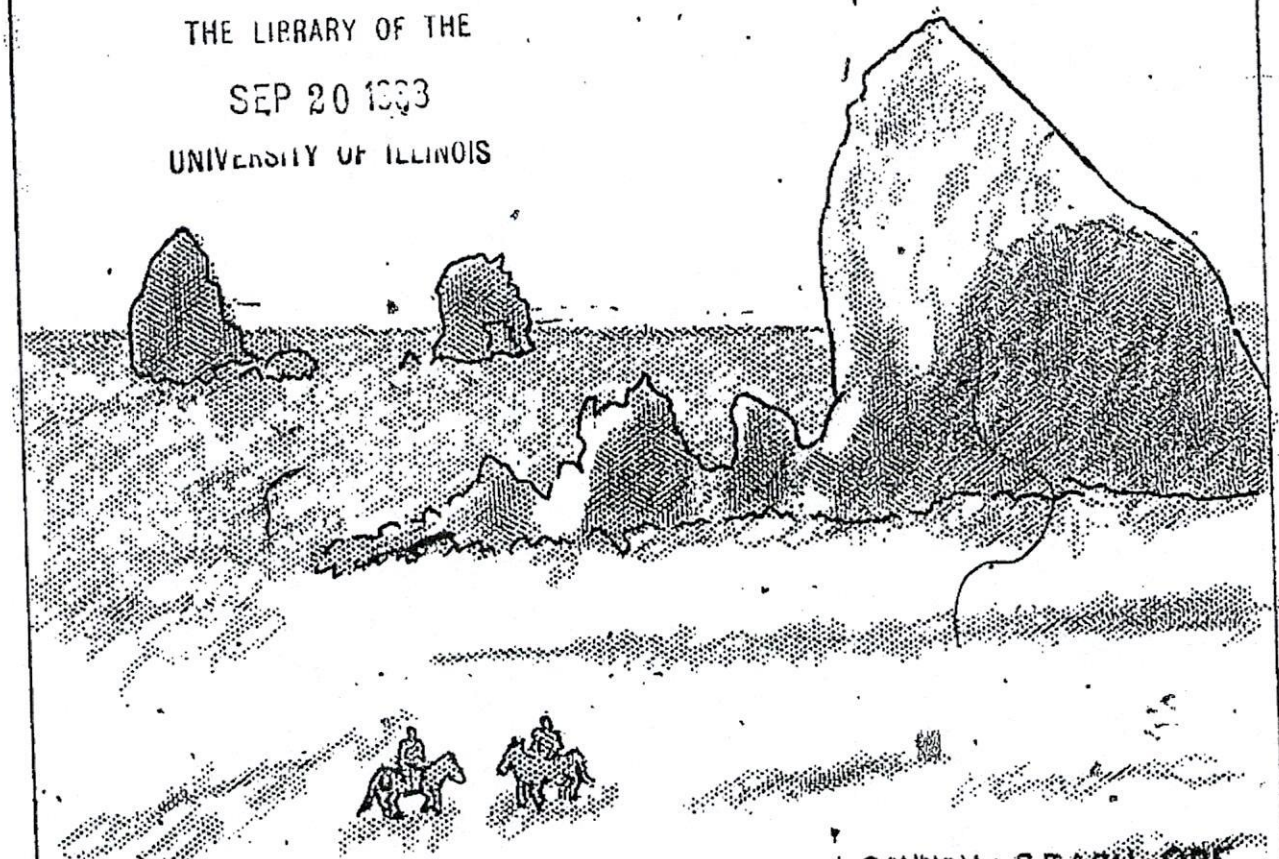

CANNON BEACH, ORE.

Co. 491 CCC
Warrenton, Ore.

August 31, 1938
Volume 1 No. 2

Woods

THE SOUTHERNER, PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY BY THE JOURNALISM CLASS OF CAMP WARRENTON CCC CO. 491, SCS-7, WARRENTON, OREGON.

***

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Harry W. Brown	1st. Lt. CA-Res. Junior Officer
Dr. Joseph McConnell	Contract Surgeon
Ivan W. Ginther	Educational Adviser
Garry L. Briggs	Project Superintendant

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Henry Wood	Art Editor
Roy L. Mosos	Reporter
William Sedberry	Reporter
Elmer W. Farroll	Reporter
Harold Thomas	Reporter
Enoch Freels	Reporter
Charlie Price	Reporter
Clarence Prewitt	Reporter

***

The new auditorium is now complete and ready for use. This new building will be used for dances, concerts, plays, boxing and wrestling, motion pictures, etc.

***

The new educational building will be ready for occupancy by September 15.

This new building is to have a large reading room, library, four classrooms, a private consultation room for the Educational Adviser, a room for the Assistant Educational Adviser, and a large magazine rack.

The reading room is to be furnished with new furniture, nice, comfortable chairs, linoleum floor covering, floor lamps, modern ceiling lights and other fixtures for comfort and convenience.

When completed, this new building will be one of the nicest if not THE nicest educational buildings in the district.

***

The store room in the mess hall has has been remodeled and finished inside with plywood, and is now one of the most attractive spots in camp. The job of remodeling was done by Lawrence Collins and Henry Woods.

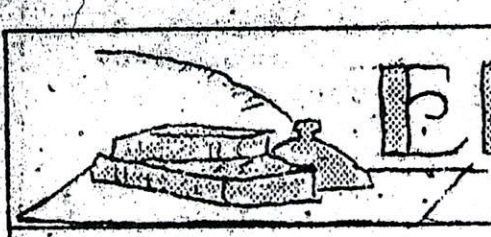
***

The cook's quarters has also undergone quite a bit of improvement. A linoleum has been laid, and attractive table scarfs and floor mats have been bought and placed there.

***

A visitor at Camp Warrenton last week was Clinton Taylor, former member of Company 491, but now member of Company 5477 located at Tillamook, Ore.

Taylor was with Co. 491 before it moved from Tennessee.



EDUCATION

THE BIGGEST GROUP in the Fall and Winter Educational Program will be the eighth grade diploma group, taught in the main by the WPA teachers, Mrs. Strito, Mrs. Raymond, (we hope) Bud Nelson and Mr. Cole.

WOODWORKING will be quite a popular class, as will leather craft.

SHORTHAND is quite popular, and the fellows are really going to town in that subject. Harold Thomas, Earl Houston, Dillard Nabors, Delbert Harmon, William Sedberry, and Harold Wheat are the lads learning the whirls and whorls of Gregg Shorthand.

BOOKKEEPING taught by Lt. John B. Parrott is another one of those classes taken by those who are also taking other commercial subjects, such as Business English, Shorthand and Typing.

DRAMATICS conducted by Mr. Cole will again be one of the most popular classes in camp. Another minstrel will be presented by this group.

BUD NELSON'S ART CLASS will be another one of those popular groups in the Fall and Winter program.

and

PHOTOGRAPHY led by Mr. Easton, which will take in the taking of good pictures, their development and printing, enlarging, the study of good cameras will be taken up.

SURVEYING by Mr. Heroth, SCS Foreman, has been steadily popular and no doubt will be morose.

FIRST AID will be conducted again by Mrs. Inez Strito. This has been our largest group.

AUTO MECHANICS led by Mr. Laws, of the SCS, will again be given to those who want to make a living via the mechanic route.

OIL GAS WRENCH PLIERS GREASE

SOUTHERNERS COMPLETE THIRTY-FOUR WEEKS OF BROADCASTING

Saturday, September 3 will mark the thirty-fourth consecutive week that the Southerners Stringband has broadcast over station K-A-S-T.

Only three of the original cast remain, Lt. Parrott, Master of Ceremonies; "Hank" Woods and "Slim" Collins.

The present cast includes: Lt. John B. Parrott, Master of Ceremonies; Adviser Ivan Ginther, singing and Master of Ceremonies; "Slim" Collins, singing with guitar; "Hank" Woods, singing; "Shorty" Williams, singing with guitar; "Goon" Helton, banjo, jug; Fred Bozeman, freight train whistle effect; "Chick" Munn, guitar, jug; Ray Griffin, singing; "Mississippi" Wilson, mandolin; "Hopalong" Hopkins, violin.

The Southerners have also broadcast over K-O-I-N at Portland, appeared before the Portland Chamber of Commerce, at numerous grange halls and dances, at various celebrations in CCC camps in the district, and for the service clubs of Astoria.

These talented men have made an enviable record, and are really to be complimented for their steady performances.

***

SOMETIMES A MAN CAN BEST BE JUDGED BY HIS OBJECTIVES. WHAT HE IS DOES NOT MATTER SO MUCH AS WHAT HE WANTS TO BE.

ENROLLEES PARTICIPATING IN ASTORIA REGATTA

Forty-eight enrollees of this company are participating in the "Historic Astoria" Pageant being held at Gyro Field, Astoria.

The enrollees play the roles of British soldiers, Frontiersmen, Indians and cowboys.

The pioneer scene calls for a caravan of covered wagons crossing the plains to Oregon that encounters a band of murderous Indians. In the ensuing battle several of the party are killed before the Indians are repulsed.

The scene does not follow the historical accuracy of the famous Whitman massacre, but it presents a vivid picture of the difficulties encountered by the pioneers.

***

The new radio for the educational building arrived Saturday and is to be placed in the new educational office where it can be enjoyed by the entire company.

It is an 8 tube set and will bring in stations as far away as WSM at Nashville and WSB at Atlanta. These stations are located near our own homes, and they can be brought in directly. It will be a pleasure to tune in on Saturday nights and get the GRAN' OL' OP'RY as clear as if we were sitting around our fireside at home listening.

Educational lectures given by various educators and speakers will be heard.

MOVIE REVIEWS.

RIVIERA THEATER PROGRAM FOR THE WEEK AUGUST 28 to SEPT. 4.

☆ ☆ ☆

Sunday-Monday-Tuesday and Wednesday--GOLD DIGGERS IN PARIS with Rudy Vallee, Rosemary Lane, Hugh Herbert, Allen Jenkins and the Schnickelfritz Band. The story is built around a Frenchman's mistake in thinking the Club Bali swingsters are the American Ballet Group, but it all works out in Gay Paree. Also, CITY STREETS with Edith Fellows, Lee Carrillo, and Tommy Bond; Paramount News.

Thursday-Friday-Saturday--ROMANCE ON THE RUN with Patricia Ellis, Grace Bradley, Donald Woods and Edward Brophy. Here's another of those $100,000 diamond necklaces that float around in the movies. It's stolen, believe it or not, and Donald Woods keeps trying to get it back. Patricia Ellis manages to get Donald's mind off his work. Also, HOLLYWOOD STADIUM MYSTERY with Neil Hamilton, Evelyn Venable, Barbara Pepper, Jimmy Wallington and Lynn Roberts; cartoon, "Mountain Romance" and Fox News.

Coming Sunday, September 4, continuous show Monday, Labor Day-James Oliver Curwood's CALL OF THE YUKON starring Richard Arlen, Beverly Roberts, Lyle Talbot and Mala. Love and adventure in the far north with doggies and humans sharing in the drama. Richard Arlen is the rough and ready trapper; Beverly Roberts, the novelist in search of local Arctic color. Also, Gene Autry in SPRINGTIME IN THE ROCKIES with Smiley Burnette; Paramount News.

SO MANY

of the lads have been asking for the words to the following song that we're going to put the words to it in at this time:

WHY SHOULD I BE LONELY?

The moonlight so bright, makes me lonely tonight,
Everything makes me feel blue, dear;
I'm downhearted now, I'm lonesome, somehow, because you are proving untrue.

Chorus

Why should I be lonely?
Why should I be so sad?
Another has taken from me,
The best pal that I ever had.
She's taken the sunshine with her-----leaving the clouds for me. Why should I be so lonely,
When there's nobody lonesome for me.

Oh, the violets so blue, are calling for you.....
The roses so red makes me lonely
They bring to my mind, the sweet happy times,
When your love was only for me.

Chorus

STUFF

by Operator 38½

IRONY, OR SOMETHING

First Sergeant Farrell went out one morning to get a good wrack made up, and built a swell guard rail along the sidewalk, to keep the sand off it.

While he was wracking 'em up something fierce, the inspectors went through camp and found a dirty locker, and it was Elmer's. He intended to fix it up that morning, but wanted a good wrack in, so started on the walk.

So he finished the wrackin' walk as extra duty.

That's life, Barge.

---scs---ccc-----

EVER HEAR

the Scotchman's song, I Love To Spend the Evening?

Or the rheumatism song, Now I Have You In My Arms?

You shpuld.

"That's bringing home the bacon," said the Judge to the policeman as he brought in a road hog.

BE SURE

and get your mimeographed copy of The Minstrels, all you whose names appear on it. At the Library.

Makes swell stuff for the memory book, or for the folks back home.

---491----CCC-----

AMONG THE COLORS

the well-dressed young men about camp are wearing this summer and Fall, according to the flock of felllows selling suits, including John I. Geron, Nabors, Farrell, Sedberry, Cochrane, Moses, and others are:

Seagull grey
Buzzard Brown
Civet stripes
Pallbearer black
Undertaker grey
Haywood Brown
Vulture blue

THEY SAY

Luke Williamson is going around singing, "Katey, dear, come over here and see who's peeking in my window, etc etc etc".....Sandwich is romancin' those nights.....Dutch Williamson, sand.....John L. has sweetened just about as much as he can.....and still live.....that Nabors has changed his diet from hams to shanks.....that rabbits don't grow so well in the summer time.....Lonnie Grady is romancin' up a fog these nights.....that Fannie Price is going to sell his gold teeth and take his girl to the show.....that Goon Helton is all broken up since his big moment went to Seattle .....that Haggie doesn't live near any Murr.....

TWIN SPRUCE NOTE

Speed will always Brag; about the spud and wheat crop.

End of line. Everyone out.

Here's a song that Clerk Lillard Nabors turned in, that's a honey:

Alimony

Come, all you handsome single men, and hear my mournful story,
All that live a single life live in the realm of glory.

I married a pretty nice young dame, for I was sad and lonely,
At last she left me flat one day, and sued for alimony.

She dodged my steps from morn 'till night, she counted every dollar,
Every time I made a dime, I was sure to hear her holler.

My pocket book I threw away, I lived on stale bologna,
I robbed, I scratched, I stole, I dug, to pay her alimony.

The news it came one day to me that she was slowly sinking;
I quickly hastened to her side, to see what she was thinking,

While in that dark and solemn hour, her eyes were dark and stony,
She raised those fading eyes to mine, and whispered, "Alimony".

Now, many years have passed away, my heart again was gay,
Until one night I chanced to pass the graveyard where she lay.

And in that dark and solemn hour my heart went limp and stony,
Her voice rang out on the midnight hour, "Oh pay me alimony".

Another song, made up, supposedly, by an enrollee:

CCC Prayer

Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
And may no prowler take---my shoes and socks before I wake.
Lord protect my lonely head, keep my blankets on my bed----
My no drunkard come in late, and turn me over before I wake.

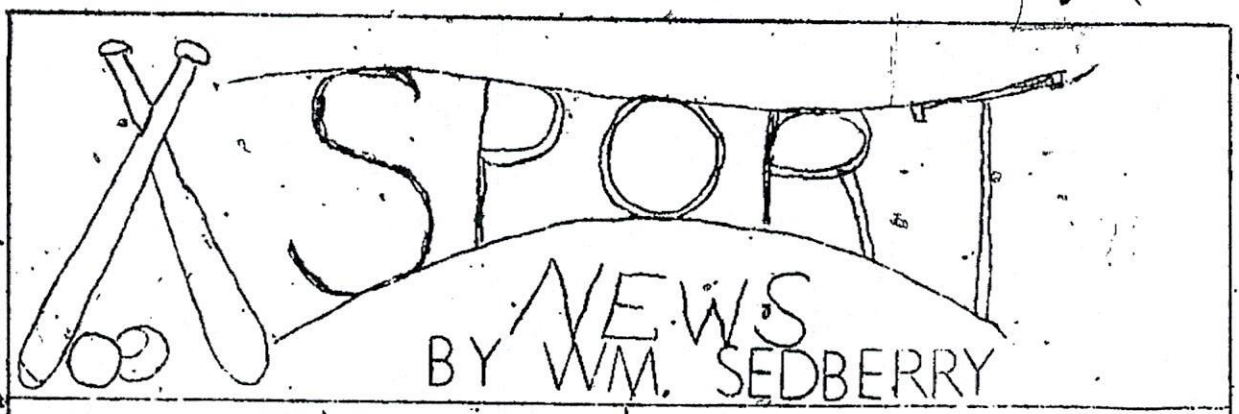
Lord, protect me in my dream, make things better than they seem----make my six months quickly fly, and KP duty pass me by.
Lord, protect me through the night, let no fires break out tonight;;;;and in the morning let me wake, with the haunting smell of a T-bone steak.

Then take me back to my hovel, where they use no pick and shovel,
Where I can stand in the morning breeze, and say "Fare-well" to the CCC.

She lived in a quaint little cottage,
'Way out at the edge of the town;
Her people were poor and untutored,
The cottage was dingy and brown.
But little cared I for her station,
For when I had wooed her that night,
The old town seemed full of her presence
Out there in the pale moonlight.

We've builded a fortune together,
She's stood by my side through it all-----
The girl whom I courted back yonder,
In the cottage so dingy and small.
Her children are sturdy and tutored,
Her home is no place for a frown,
No other could ever replace her------
My girl, from the good old home town.

---E.J. Dunlop



SOUTHERNERS DEFEAT UPTEGROVE

The Southerners softball team put Uptegrove Lumber Company's team back in the slab pile on the night of August 4 at Gyro Field.

At one time when the game was more than half over Uptegrove had five runs to our none. Then we slowly but surely turned on the heat and crept on and on until we were two runs ahead.

We ran the bases and got hits when they counted most, and settled down to play real ball after a fumbling first inning.

***

SOUTHERNERS WIN OVER FT. STEVENS

With an amazing display of batting weakness, the Southerners softball team barely nosed out the Ft. Stevens outfit on the night of August 8 at the Grass Bowl.

With the exception of Luke Williamson, the big guns of the Southerners were silenced by the slow pitching of Fort. Stevens, against whom we got but seven hits.

Prewitt pitched good ball until the fifth inning when he ran into a little trouble. He got out of a tight spot with the bases loaded when Jimmie Ables threw one out at first and someone else fouled out. The last inning was bad, the bases filling up again and a few hits bringing in three runs.

With one down, Lt. Parrott went to catch and Prof. to pitch, McCumber going to play first base and Corbin to center.

***

DEFEAT COAST GUARD 18 to 2

In a game on the Ft. Stevens diamond, the Southerners kicked the teeth out of the Coast Guard to the tune of 18 to 2.

It started in the first inning when Alford, Williamson, Lindsey and Prof. got four straight hits in a row to score score three runs. In the second, hits by Landrum and Tucker and a series of errors by the Coast Guard netted six runs. The third inning was quiet, no runs being scored by us and one by them.

Then in the fourth, the big guns of the Southerners turned loose again and when the smoke had cleared, three more

cont. on next page

SPORT NEWS cont.

three more runs were in. Highlights of this game: Tucker's catching of about fifty or more flies; Luke's stretching a foot to cut off a hit.

***

Recently, Lt. Parrott and Prof. Ginther chose up sides and played a ten inning game of soft-ball over on the ol' Grass Bowl.

The score was ten-all or twelve-all at the end of the ninth inning when Prof's Plugs drove in two runs, and in their last half, Lt. Parrott's Lugs failed to get on base.

More fun was had in this game than any game ever played out there. Lt. Parrott allowed two hits up to the fifth inning when either his arm gave out or the Plugs got their good eyes to working and started hitting. At one time, however, the score stood 12 to 5 in favor of the Lt. and his Lugs. But the Plugs kept scoring a few runs at a time until at the end it stood 15 to 12.

***

SOUTHERNERS WIN OVER PROUTY'S

Opening up the second half of the Warrenton Softball League recently at the Grass Bowl, the Southerners rapped out a 23 to 7 victory over Prouty's Lumber Co. in a rather one-sided contest.

It started out looking a bit blue for the Southerners. Prouty got four runs on a couple of errors, a hit and a walk, and they were all fired up to take the game.

At the start of the second inning though, we slammed out singles, doubles and triples, and when the dust settled down on the ol' diamond we had ten runs.

The game ended 23 to 7 in our favor.

***

WIN BALL GAME OF THE SEASON

On Sunday August 21, at the ol' Grass Bowl, before a large crowd of the boys and civilians, the Southerners tore into the Saddle Mountain baseball team and defeated them 8 to 2.

Neither side scored until the fifth inning, when Saddle Mountain scored one run. In the last half of the fifth Steve got his first of two doubles he got during the game, pulled up at second. Elmer fanned, Chick was safe on an error, Steve going to third and scoring on a hit by Jimmy Ables, after John Landrum had walked. When the catcher dropped a ball, Chick went in home, was safe on a close play at the plate.

Luke stepped up with the bases loaded and fanned as beautifully as it could be done.

***

Last Monday evening, the Southerners softball team turned on the heat again and took the lads from the Red and White to the tune of 14 t 3 over at the ol' Grass Bowl.

Prewitt pitched good ball, didn't throw any away, while the Southerners rapped out quite a few hits, piling up the runs to make a safe lead.

CAMP CHATTER

BY Earl Warnton

NEW JUNIOR OFFICER ARRIVES

1st Lt. Harry W. Brown arrived at Camp Warronton on August 1 to assume duties as Junior Officer, replacing Lt. Bolling H. Jones.

We sincerily hope that Lt. Brown will enjoy his tour of duty here as much as we enjoy having him here.

Lt. Brown hails from Gainesville, Georgia.

Mrs. Brown and Harry Jr. arrived last Sunday and are residing at Warronton.

***

Mr. Colo, Mrs. Strito and Mr. Nelson are attending a conference of WPA instructors being held at Corvallis.

They will return on or about September 2.

***

NEW SUPERINTENDENT ARRIVES

Mr. Garryl L. Briggs, transferred from Black Canyon, near Pocatello, Idaho, arrived at Camp Warrenton on August 17 to become Project Superintendent, replacing Mr. Kistner, who was transferred to Hoppner, Oregon about a month ago.

Mr. Briggs was at the Black Canyon camp for two and a half years and prior to that was superintendent of a TVA camp in Union county, Tennessee.

Mr. Donley has been acting superintendent for the past month.

Col. McKellar and Major Adams of Vancouver Barracks were recent visitors at Camp Warronton.

***

DISTINGUISHED VISITOR HERE

Camp Warronton was honored recently with a visit by Mr. R.H. Roberts, Soil Conservation from Bitoria, Union of South Africa.

Mr. Roberts has been traveling over the United States and was interested in seeing the work being carried on here in sand dune control. Among other things he told several interesting stories of South Africa, his native home, and of England and other places. He had several interesting photographs of places of great interest including South African Conservation work, and several interesting shots of wild animals, pygmies, etc. His praise of the work here was great, and he certainly enjoyed his night spent here in camp and the meals were "quite jolly" as he put it. Mr. Roberts came here directly from Ogden, Utah this being his only stop in either Washington or Oregon.

From here he left enroute to Santa Paula, California and thence back to "Jolly England" and on to his U.S.A. (Union of South Africa).

Camp Chatter continued on next page.

CAMP CHATTER cont.

CAPT. CARR ON FAREWELL TOUR

Capt. James M. Carr, Sub-district Commander, visited Camp Warronton last week on his farewell inspection tour. He made several nice comments on the company and wished us all the best of luck.

Capt. Carr is soon retiring to civilian life.

***

SAXTON LOVE OPERATED ON FOR APPENDICITIS AT ST. MARYS

Enrollee Saxton Love was operated on for appendicitis on August 9 at St. Mary's Hospital, Astoria.

According to latest reports, Love is now able to set up or walk around, but he will be confined to the hospital for several days.

We wish him a speedy recovery, and hope that he will soo be able to come back to camp.

***

HASKELL WHITE BACK FROM STATION HOSPITAL

Enrollee Haskell White returned early this month from the Station hospital at Vancouver Barracks where he was confined for several weeks with an eye injury, inflicted by a piece of flying steel while working on the wood crew near Saddle Mountain.

The operation necessitated the removal of the left eye which will soon be replaced with a glass eye.

Another victim of flying steel was David Davis, struck in the left eye while working underneath a truck. The injury was not serious, however.

***

August 10 was the third anniversary of the organization of Company 491, having been organized on August 10, 1935 at New Tazewell, Tennessee.

Only four of the fellows remain that were in the Company at that time. Namely: Farrell, Prewitt, Bailey, R., and Cochrane.

***

On a moment's thought: Income taxes could be a lot worse. Suppose we had to pay taxes on what we think we are worth.

***

Mess Sergeant Fred Bateman spent a week-end at South Bend, Washington, recently.

***

SCS Foreman Fred Hensley and family, and Assistant Leader Lawrence Collins have returned from a vacation and fishing trip at Newport, Oregon.

***

BUILDINGS REMODELED

All the buildings in camp have just undergone a a beauty treatment. The old tar paper covering on the outside walls has been removed and replaced with shingles.

This will not only make the camp more attractive, but will make the buildings more comfortable during the Winter months.

SOIL CONSERVATION NEWS

Gordon Donley is planning new cooperative agreements, or something like that. Sounds like it might be alright.

***

Mr. Lausch and Mr. Tobin, and their crews are now working on channel and bank improvement south of Seaside on the William West place.

***

Mr. Fred Honsley is now on leave and will return soon.

***

Robert O'Kane, with Leader Bob Stringfield and crew, is working at the nursery, transplanting, weeding and cultivating grass.

***

Tom Davis has crew on the beach, doing maintenance work, and stuff.

***

Walter Heath is making tours and inspection of closed areas in the woods.

***

Larry Orr's crew is shingling and building the new buildings we have in camp.

At the garage, Claronce "Pinky" Laws, with David Davis, Atkins, McFadden, and "Ma" Fonner, is overhauling the 25 Cletrac and the International Pick-up, or hook-up, or something.

***

Monte Easton is at the present riding moving machinery about.

***

Mr. Ivan C. DeArmond, SCS Project Manager from Newberg, Oregon, and Mr. A.W. Middleton, CCC Administrator from Spokane, Washington, were recent visitors at the SCS office.

***

Mr. Robin L. Small, Chief Clerk at the SCS office, spent last week-end at his home, near Port Angeles, Washington.

***

Hilliard "Mickey" Cochrane and Frank Watson took Civil Service examination at Astoria on August 19.

***

A side camp is contemplated being built at Jewell soon. Only a few of the men will be placed there.

OPERATOR 38½ OPINES

TERRIBLE THOUGHT: John Landrum having earache.

Isn't it funny how people will read anything that's put in front of them, like this item, which they'll read on until the finish and find that nothing has been said?

It's a sight worthh seeing, the way Bob Stringfield handles that little gasoline mule. He surely can turn up the dirt with it.

Operator 38½ has finally figured out the reason why the light bulb on top of the flagpole burns out so often:

It's because it's under so great a strain, trying to light up all the darkness up there.

That's quite a hard job.

---CCC---

That GI moon certainly puts out the light, though.

Let's fry a couple of eggs, Goon.

Monday, September 5, is Labor Day, and the lads did not work.

Famous sayings around camp:

"I don't get it."
"Turn a flip, Butch."
"Horsecollar."
"I'm a stranger around here."
"That's wrackin' om, boy."
"We've been robbed."
"You've ripped 'om with me."
"Wanna buy a suit?"
"That'll hold him 'till he can get a canteen book."

Which would be the worse, a giraffe with a sore throat, or Sandwich with a sore foot?

PUNY POEM

Sweet are the roses-----
Blue skies above.
Says Roy Moses,
'Cause he's in love.'

I don't get it.

PUNY POEM NUMBER TWO

"You wonder why
A smile I'm wearin?
"Cause I'm in love",
Says John E. Goron.

Seems like:

Paul (Robert) Taylor is the center of large affection these days.....Billy Mitchell still sweetened up.....Dunn, ditto,.....Hardison, ditto ditto.....McFaddon and Atkins, same....Senor Davis, Doc Sodborry, same,...
...Bragg, Wheat, Munn still spruce up.....Jonh T. of course-------a certain clerk keeps asking for James Ables..
....Holt is all sweetened up..
....Prowitt, still.... Lonnie Grady, too.....Frod and Slim, too,..(I hope).....

More next time.

JOKES (I HOPE)

Cop: (to Big Six Wilson driving past a Stop Sign) "Hey, can't you read?"
Big Six: "Sure I can read but I can't stop."

Hotel Clerk: "Room and bath, sir?"
Vinson: "No, thanks, young fellow, I'm going home next month."

WHO?
"There goes the most talked-of fellow in camp."
"You surprise me. Who talks about him?"
"He does."

POME
June had a little lamb
With potatoes on the side----
The check was two dollars and a half,
Poor Fred, he nearly died.

ON HIS RANCH
"I'll be rich some day," said Joe Archer as his horse gave him another buck.

PROFESSOR GINTHER: "Why did you tie that can on Haywood's tail?"
CHAHLIE PRICE: "That's where I always tie 'em. If you can show me a better place, I'd like to know it."

GOON HELTON thought his girl loved him until one night when he was fixing to leave Astoria for camp he said to her: "Well, I must be off."
And she said: "You act that way."

IN BUD'S CLASS
"And the Britons wore the same clothes their ancestors did."
Andy Rush: "Why the dirty things."

"The jig is up" said Doc Sedberry as his patient with the St. Vitus Dance kicked the bucket.

HOW WOULD YOU like to have hay fever and sinus trouble at the same time?
Or rheumatism and the St. Vitus Dance?

RIGHT
Lt. Brown: "I wonder what's good for baldness."
Lt. Parrott: "Hair, lieutenant, hair."

Poem
To those who talk and talk,
This poem should appeal.
The steam that blows the whistle,
Never turns a wheel.

I don't got it.

First cockroach: "Why are you running so fast along that Post Toasties box?"
Second one: "Can't you see, it says, "Tear Along This Edge?"

Mickey Cochrane: "How can I thank you, Professor? I owe all I know to you."
Prof: "Oh, don't mention such trifles."

End of the line, everyone out.

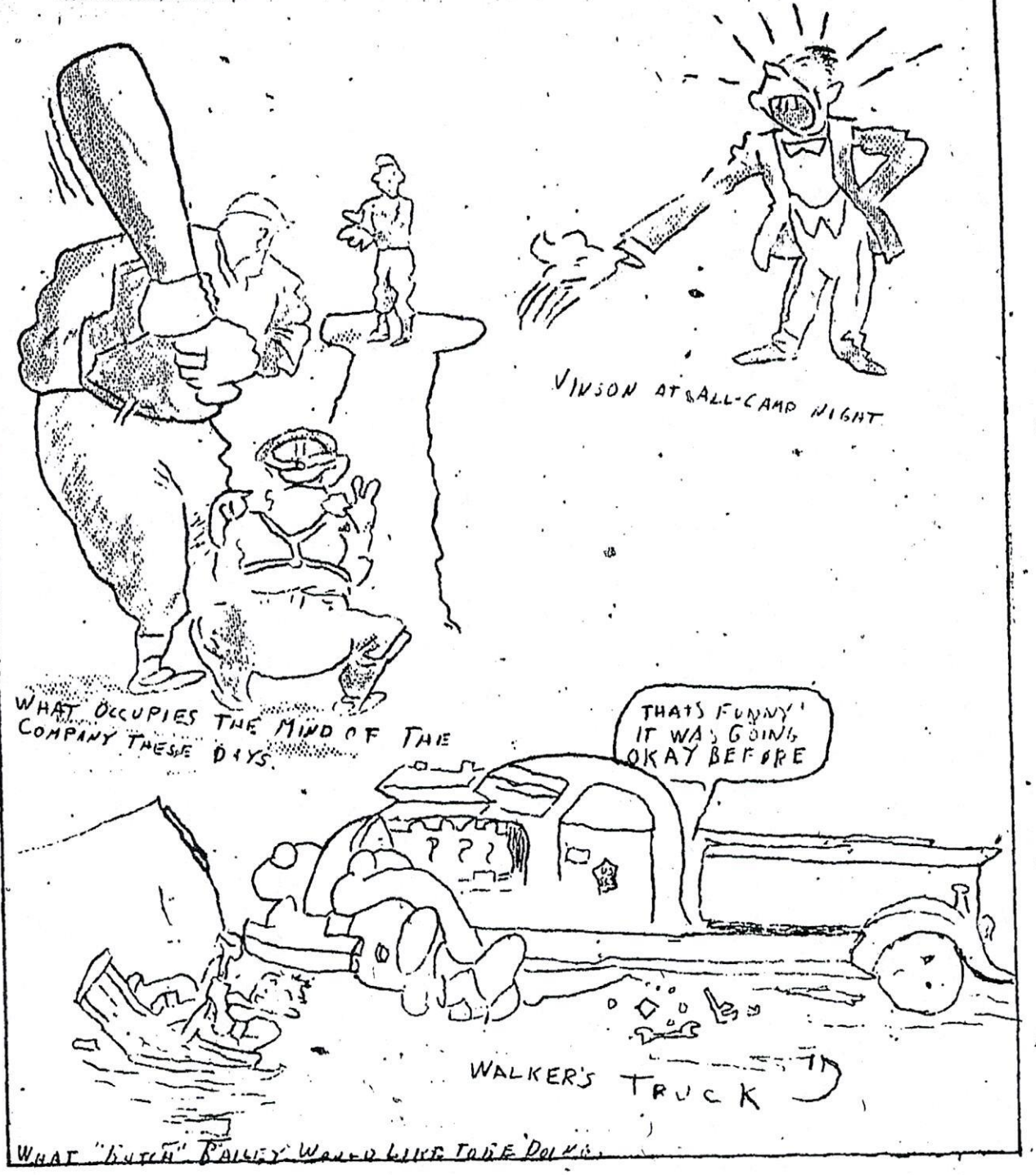
ONE WHO LIVED THROUGH IT TELLS OF A CRABBING TRIP ON THE MORNING OF AUGUST 25, 1938.

Thursday morning, in the grey hours of dawn, at a time when any self-respecting seagull, witch, owl, buzzard, or anything else that prowls around, seven stalwart young men, tried and true, arose from bunks in good old Camp Warrenton and sallied forth into the grey haze of a newborn day, climbed into the OD truck and headed for Gearhart Beach to rake out a few crabs.

Arriving at the beach, where they were met by Mr. Ober and Mr. Laws, of the SCS, these seven tried and true men, Jesse Tucker, Woodrow Vinson, Eslie Arrington, Luke Williamson, John Landrum, Charlie Munn and Professor Ivan Ginther, fell to with great gusto and waded waist-deep into the icy salt-water of the great Pacific in search of the edible crustaceans. (crabs) Prof found a clam shovel on the shore right near Mr. Ober's clothes, so thought it was his, took it, and started digging clams. About an hour later, a rugged looking old man gave the shovel and the Prof a wicked gleam with his good eye, walked up and said: "That's my shovel, I'd know it in Hades," and took it away from the bewildered Prof. He added, "And you got my crabs, too." (Luke had done that) After the threat of bodily harm subsided, the Prof and Mr. Ober dug clams, showing the lads how it should be done, and later let every one get a chance at digging clams.

When all was over, when all the clams had been dug and all the crabs had been raked out of their salty beds, Mr. Ober and John Landrum ganged up on Prof and tried to get him into the water to duck him. He fought them off, but soon all seven were on him, begging him to let them duck him, so he did. With cries of "I don't get it," he was totally ducked. Then Tucker, who was on John's back on his way across some deep water, went under as Mr. Ober pushed Jawn down. Everyone was then ducked in turn but Luke, who ran 'way up near the truck. But even he was dragged out and chased into the ocean. Jawn started out to drag Luke into deeper water, but he tripped, and a huge wave rolled over him, covering him completely while his hat floated lazily toward shore. Finally Jawn came up blowing like a whale. Chick Munn was next, and the lads went to get him. He was wrapped in the cab like a huge snake, feet wrapped around the steering wheel, arms around the gear shift, his teeth on the brake, and his neck around the window roller-upper, but they dragged him out by his ears and took him to the ocean, where a huge wave rolled over him. The gang then drove coldly home. End.

CARTOONS


WHAT OCCUPIES THE MIND OF THE COMPANY THESE DAYS.
VIVSON AT ALL-CAMP NIGHT
THATS FUNNY! IT WAS GOING OKAY BEFORE
WALKER'S TRUCK
WHAT "BUTCH" BAILEY WOULD LIKE TO BE DOING.

J. McGillicudy Horsecollar, Punkin Husker From Skunkcabbage Hollow, Reckons:

"Not many people can do this," said Gordon Donnelly as he turned his car into a lamp post.

"What this country needs," says Saxton Love, "is a good five-cent scar," recovering from his appendicitis operation.

The corn skimmin's in The Hollow are so strong this year that a mouse that happened to get a sniff of a crock full chased all the cats out of Skunkcabbage Hollow. It was a runt mouse, too.

'Bout time "Dan'l" Helton is gettin' used to them thar new-fangled shoes, with strings, that he's wearin'. Bet he misses the buttons on 'em.

Chahlie Price's address: 14th Hollow, 13th Stump, Georgia.

ROMANCIN' POEM:

The moon shines down on the quivering river
It's so cold out that I stand and shiver,
But no matter how numb I get, or blue,
I want you to know that I'll always
love you.

Back here in Skunkcabbage Hollow the crops are so poor this year that the sparrows had to get down on their knees to reach the oats.

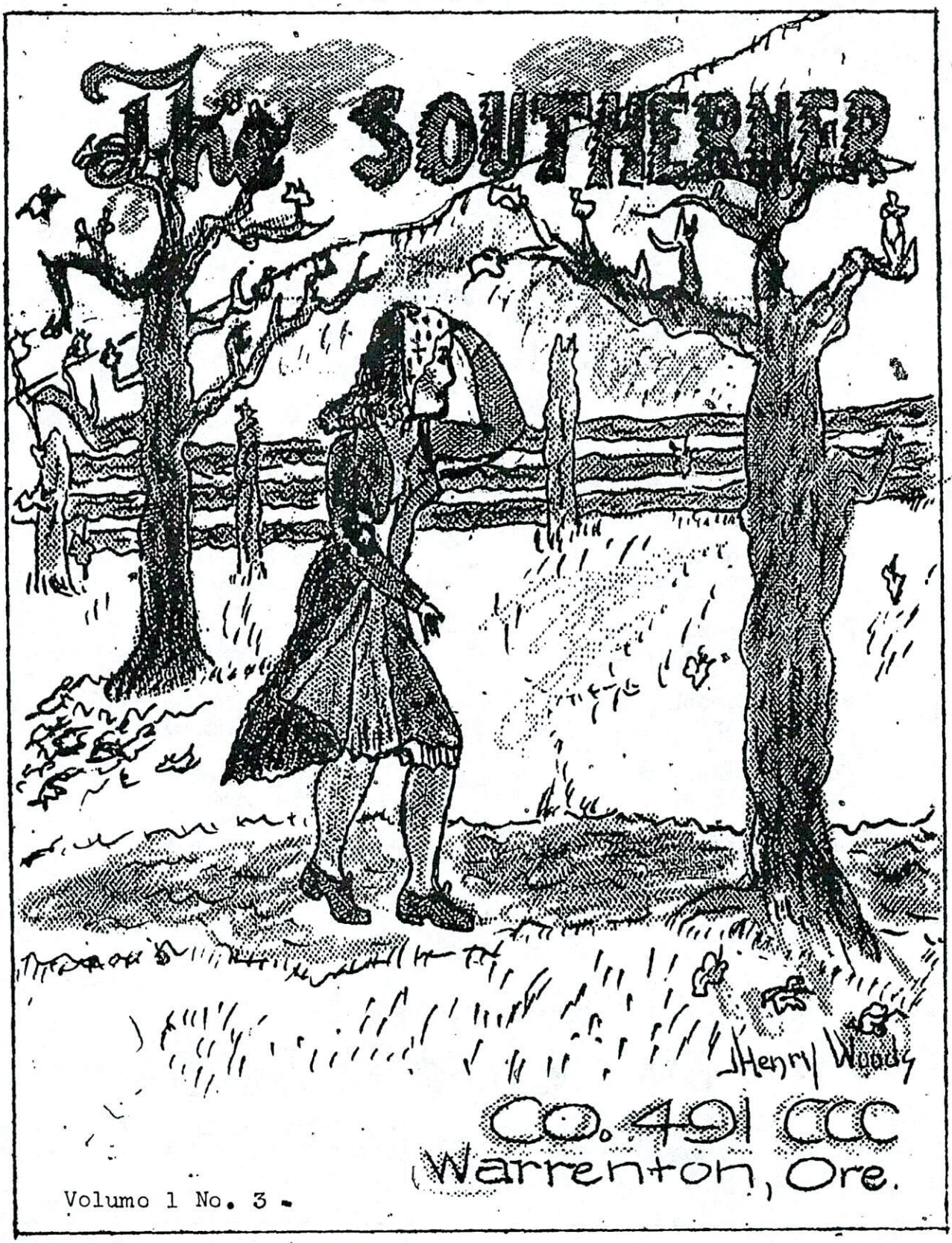
And things got so tough that some of the men had to kiss their own wives, that's how scarce people are around this neck of the woods.

Fuller Pierce is trying to learn to double clutch his chewing gum.

To keep the guys from stealing his grapes, Mike McGuffy, local grape grower, crossed his grapes with cactus, getting a grape with stickers on it.

"They want me to work,"
Said the village clown.
"I don't got it,
I'm a stranger in town."

I don't get it.



Volumo 1 No. 3

ADMINISTRATION

Lt. John B. Parrott
Commanding Officer

Lt. Harry W. Brown
Junior Officer

Dr. Joseph McConnell
Contract Surgoon

Mr. Ivan W. Ginther
Educational Advisor

CCC

Mr. Garry Briggs
Project Superintendent

Gordon Donloy
Conservationist

Robert Brown
Nursery Manager

Walter Horoth
Engineer

Montague Easton
Junior Forester

Larry Ober
Foreman

Fred Hensley
Foreman

Robert O'Kane
Assistant Nurseryman

Willard McLoughlin
Range Examiner

George Tobin
Foreman

Bryson Lausch
Foreman

Tom Davis
Junior Assistant

October 5, 1938

CCC Co. 791 SCS-07
WARRENTON, ORE.

THE SOUTHERNER
Published every two weeks
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Editor	Earl Houston
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Reporter	David Davis
Reporter	Elmer Farrell
Reporter	Delbert Harmon
Mimeographer	Charlie Price
Reporter	Roy Moses
Reporter	Alfred Tate

EDITORIAL

FRIENDSHIP

Is it worth a little time and trouble to get the friendship of one, two, a dozen, or a hundred?

Do you think that some day, some time, some place you will need someone to help you over the rough spots that come into the life of everyone? Most certainly you will.

So, how is the time to start making friends, for rough spots come into the lives of all who really live on this earth, and when you have someone near to help you over these spots, you will find that they are not so rough, after all.

How can you go about making friends?

Helping them, if you can, when they need help; repaying the help you got from them when you needed it so badly, whether it was a pat on the back, money, coupon or two, or whatever it was; by having manners, when near people, whether it be at the table, in the parlor, in the barracks, on the trucks, on the street, or wherever it is, so they will know you have some sense, and that they wouldn't mind taking you to their homes, or to their friends' homes.

Other ways include being a pleasant sort of fellow, especially when the going is tough on others or on yourself; by not growling or complaining about how the world seems to be down on you, that others have all the luck; by being neat and clean, both in physical appearance, hair, clothes, shoes, fingernails and so forth, and in your talk; by being a good sport, being able to take a joke as well as give one, or tell one, perhaps;

These are all ways of making and holding friends. There are other ways, but if you follow the above, you will not go wrong, and you will have friends that are really friends, not pretended-friends who would leave you the minute they thought your money was gone.

One very good definition of a friend:

One who walks in when everyone else walks out.

Another:

One who tells you of your good points and doesn't tell about your bad points.

Think it over.

JOKES

Two worms were digging in earnest.
Poor Earnest.

PUNY POEM

He kissed her in the garden,
The moon was shining bright---
But she was a marble statue
And he was drunk that night.

MIGHT AS WELL

It seems that a man met a little lad who was on his way to the creek to fish, for he had a fishing pole slung over his shoulder.

"Going fishing, little man?" asked the kind fellow.

"Yep," said the lad.

"Got worms?"

"Yep, but I'm goin' anyway," said the little lad.

TWO VERSIONS OF AN OLD ONE.

A wise old owl lived in an oak,
The more he saw, the less he spoke---
The less he spoke, the more he heard,
Why can't we be like this bird?

AND NOW,

A dumb old bird lived in an oak,
The less he saw, the more he spoke----
The more he spoke the less he heard;
Too many of us are like this bird.

ALFORD: "why are you limping, Chahlie?"
Ch. Price: On account of my corns."
Alford: "How come?"
Chahlie: I saw corn flakes advertised, and I tried 'em, but they crumbled all to pieces in my shoes, and now my feet are worse."

Better try corn skimmins, Chahlie.

A FLY

was walking along with her daughter on top of the head of a man who was very bald.

"How things change, my dear," said the mother fly. "When I was your age this was only a footpath."

MIGHT BE, AT THAT.

Dentist: "Your bridge work is terrible."
Patient: "Yes, that's what my wife tells me."

TRAFFIC NOTE.

Motorist: "Is there any speed limit in this village?"
Native: "Naw, you city fellers can't get through here any too fast for us."

NOTE TO SOME OF THE LADS:

No man should ever marry a woman until he finds out whether or not she can get all the seeds out of a grapefruit before serving it.

491----------CCC

AT THE DANCE

She: "I simply adore that now stop. Where did you learn it?"
Harmon: "Now stop my eye. I'm losing my garter."

NOT HOMESICK

Bum: "I'll bet it was hard for you to leave your home-town after all those years."

Lug: "I'll say it was. I had to saw through three iron bars."

-----CCC------

OUR IDEA

of the laziest guy in the world is the guy who wrote:

"Moonbeam, Kiss Her For Me."

---SCS----CCC---SCS----

WHO?

She: "I was a fool when I married you."

He: "I guess you were, but I was so infatuated at the time that I didn't notice it."

BIG SIX WAS DRIVING ALONG, and he happened to be looking at a bill board that read: "Go slow, this means You."

"Gee whiz," said Six, "how'd they know I was coming along here?"

JUST ABOUT ALL.

A man on trial for his life was being examined by a group of alienists. Suddenly one doctor jumped up and shouted at him: "Quick, howmany feet has a centipede?"

The man came back in a dry dry voice: "Gad, is that all you have to worry about?"

Fred: "I've just given my wife a new Fall coat."

Elmer: "To keep her warm?"

Fred: "No, to keep her quiet."

When a man has a birthday he generally takes a day off. Now, a woman takes a year off.

WHY WOMEN GO WRONG:

They don't read the detour signs.

DURING HISTORY LESSON,

-Bud Nelson had been telling about the big statue erected to Daniel Boone, at the spot where he had killed some huge bear. After about five minutes describing the statue he asked the class:

"And who killed the bear?"

Charlie Price spoke up:

"Slick Horath and Mr. Ober!"

(these two had just killed a bear about a month before.)

-------CCC-------

"My wife is very irritable. The least thing sets her off."

"You're lucky at that----mine is a self-starter.

-----CCC-----

MAKES IT EVEN.

People downstairs: "Hey, up there, didn't you hear us pounding on the ceiling?"

Upstairs: "That's all right. We were making a lot of noise ourselves."

Professor Ginther: "What are you doing with your foot on the desk?"

Billy: Economizing, sir. I've lost our eraser and I'm using my rubber heel for one."

Slick: "Isn't it about time baby is calling me daddy?"

The Mrs.: "I've decided not to let him know who you are until he gets a little stronger."

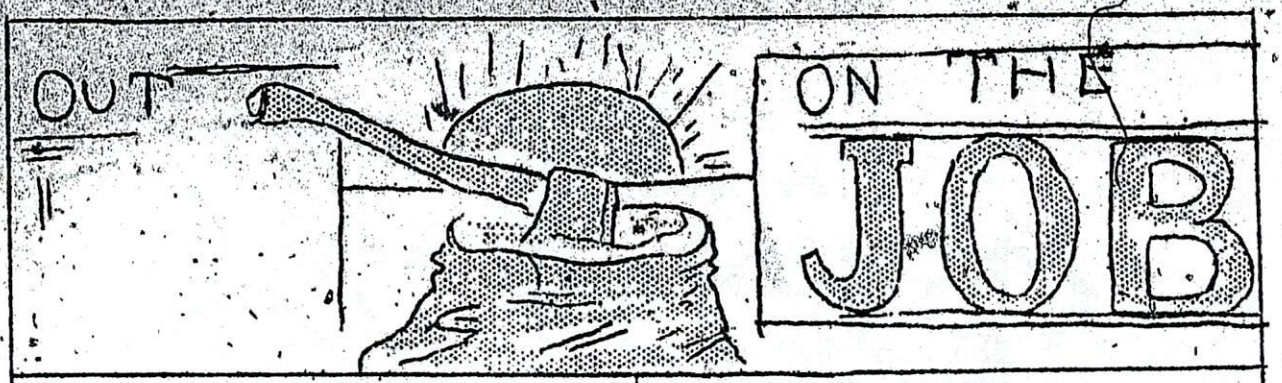
WELL------

Slim Collins: "What is the difference between an old-fashioned girl and a modern girl?"

Hank Woods: "A modern girl is ashamed when she blushes, and an old-fashioned girl blushes when she is ashamed."

HUMOR

I hope



Mr. Gerry Briggs and Mr. Hereth at the present are head over heels in work, being as how it's the first of the month.

-----CCC----SCS----

ON THE NECANICUM

river, the lads are building brush mats, rock cribbing and a rock rip-rap.

Mr. George Tobin, Larry Ober and Bryson Lausch are in charge.

Five sections of the brush mats have been completed to date, and within two weeks another should be completed.

The water is beggining to rise, and the mats are coming in handy.

The water main of the City of Seaside is also being protected by the lads.

SCS----------CCC

CLERK DEPARTS

Robin Small, SCS Clerk, is gone from Co. 491, and at present is working in the Portland Office of the Bonnoville Power Co.

SCS----------CCC

VISITORS TO CO. 491

in the past few weeks include:

Mr. Arthur Hilbourne of the SCS Project Office at Newberg, who checked over the non-expendible cards and found them OK.

Mr. E. R. Rankin, from Pullman, who inspected trucks.

Mr. Claude Arnold of Spokane;

Mr. Clyde Wagar of Newberg.

SCS----------CCC

SHOP NEWS AND STUFF.

"Smitty" Davis is working on the Harr-Parr. (truck or tractor, to you)

The truck drivers are getting along like kid brothers especially Gavin and Wilson.

Tom Davis is busy these days working at the Spike Camp at Jewell, making sheds for hay. Hey hey.

Bolt, Cobb, and Cock just completed filling the hotbed with huckleberry cutting, putting 80,000 in, and taking 140,000 for shipment to Bellingham.

-------SCS-------

MR. MCLoughlin States

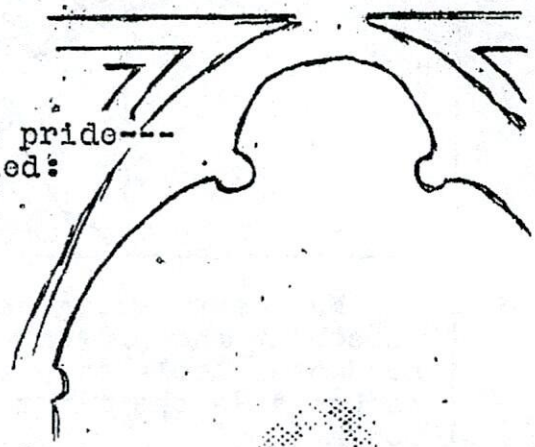
that a display panel showing the history of the sand dunes has been placed in the Clatsop Co. Courthouse.

HUCKLEBERRY CUTTINGS

are being taken from the hotbed, to be put in the nursery 'till Spring.

WIDOW

by Eva Byron

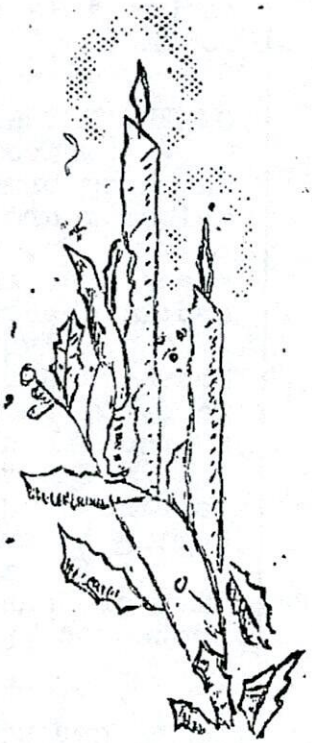


The neighbors watched, and called it pride---
She did not weep when her husband died:

She wandered about
From room to room---
Her frightened heart
Had need of tears,
But her eyes were filled
With empty years.

The neighbors watched, and wondered why
She let the grass and flowers die:

When she sprinkled the lawn
She could hear him say
He thought the grass
Was doing fine.
And what did she think
Of the Coral Vine?



The neighbors watched, and cried: "Look there,
She's sending away his favorite chair!"

When she tried to read
In the living room,
He was there at her side
In the big armchair,
Firelight flickering
On his hair.

The neighbors watched, and had much to say
When she sold the house and hurried away:

This was the home
They had built together,
Treasured together
Each stick and stone---
How could she live in it now,
Alone?

For the information of the lads who attend the Riviera theatre the following notices are printed:

Sunday, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, October 9, 10, 11, and 12th:

"We're Going To Be Rich." with Victor McLaglen, and Bryan Donlevy.

and

The Old Barn Dance, with that singer of singers, Gene Autry.

Then,

Thursday, Friday and Saturday,

Flight Into Nowhere, with Jack Holt and Dick Purcell.

and

Arson Squad.

and then, on Sunday, for four days, Sons Of The Legion with Don O'Connor, Lynn Overman, and Eliza beth Patterson, a very good cast.

and,

The Lone Wolf in Paris, which is a thriller of the first water.

And there you are, pick your picture and date the girl in the picture you wake up and look at at two in the morning, and go to town.

Where is dear old Grandma?
For hours we've heard her yell.
Let us keep our little secret,
Grandma's in the well.

A SWING BAND

is the latest wrinkle stirred in Co. 491.

A LOT OF THE LADS have been asking for this song, so:

MEXICALI ROSE

Mexicali Rose, stop crying,
I'll return to you some sunny day,
Every night you know that I'll be pining, every hour or year while I'm away;
Dry those big brown eyes and smile, dear, banish all those tears and please don't sigh---
Kiss me once again and hold me,
Mexicali Rose, goodbye.

Mexicali Rose, KIm leaving,
Don't feel blue, Mexicali Rose, stop grieving, I love you when the dove of love is winging through the blue,
All the castles you've been building, will come true.

AT KAST

Time, 12:30. The Southerners have just moved into the studio from which, in fifteen minutes, they will start their Saturday broadcast.

The mike is dead, and the bunch gather around Professor Ivan Ginther, near the piano, and go through all the requests.

"Slim, can you and Shorty sing So and So?" they're asked, and they say, "sure," or "Better got it next Saturday, Prof;" The requests are written down on the script, and the names of those who requested them.

Goon, Mississippi, Hopalong and Shorty then tune up while the hand of the clock steal to 12:45. The gang is around the mike, and Back To Old Smoky Mountains takes off.

We're on the air!

EDUCATION

The lads of Co. 491 are surely educationally minded these days.

The seven lads who received their diplomas the night of the 27th, on the stage at All-Camp night, presented by the Educational Adviser, Ivan Ginther, stirred things up quite a bit, and now, a gang of the lads are working hard now to get their diplomas by Christmas.

The seven lads who got there diplomas were:

Gettys Baxley
Clifford Hensley
Aubrey Thames
Ray Griffin
John D. Williamson
Lamar Wilson
Leon Dyson

These boys worked hard and deserve a lot of credit for their sticking to it even though a lot of the others dropped out on account of firefighting duties.

THE GROUP that is now working with Mrs. Raymond, getting ready to start working on their eighth grade work in January, are really working hard.

It takes a lot of grit to go, but all those who can see into the future know that they'll more than get their money back for the time spent preparing themselves here in good old Company 491.

Many and many a lad will look back many and many a time and will say, "Gee, I'm glad I went to classes back in 491."

HIGH SCHOOL MATH taught by SCS Foreman Slick Hereth, and taken by Dyson, John D. Williamson, Herbert Adams, and Mississippi Wilson, is coming right along.

Freshamn credit will be given those who make the grade in it.

---CCC---

PUBLIC SPEAKING is going like a house afire, with Alfred Tate, Jesse Tucker, Jack Lindsey Billy, Charlie Price, Brady, Alford and Harold Thomas really working on their speeches. Much is expected of them, the natural way they take to it.

---491---

TYPING AND DRAMATICS with Mr. Cole in charge, is really going to town, also, with a play for All Camp night coming right along.

---CCC---

TOO, THE LADS studying under Lt. Brown, Mrs. Strite, and Bud Nelson, working for their exams to be taken in December, are getting along at a fine rate.

Most of them, those who attend regularly will make it, too, their teachers say, while some who don't attend regularly may not quite make it.

The idea, then, is to go to class on time and regularly.

---CCC---

There's money in learning.

CAMP CHATTER

LT. PARROTT took a troop train of boys that were going back south, to Fort Bragg, leaving September 22.

He will be back some time around the 25th of this month, with rookies.

Everyone in camp misses him and his good-natured humor, his fatherly interest in all the lads, and his genial, friendly smile.

And everyone will be glad to see him return.

In his absence, Lt. Brown has carried on in a grand style, showing also a good nature, a keen sense of humor, and a genuine interest in the betterment of the camp, and especially anything that will benefit the men.

------491--------

THE SOUTHERNERS will miss Ray Griffin on Saturday, some time around 12:45 P.M.. And the camp misses Woodrow Vinson, who had to go home on account of his brother taking sick.

There were two outstanding enrollees that are hard to replace.

------491------

IN THE HOSPITAL at the present time are Jamie Brown, with a cracked rib or two, and Frank Cain, suffering with rheumatism. Hustle back, lads.

Earl Houston

J. HANK WOODS is now at home, seeing everyone, his gal, and the folks. Says, though, in his letters, that he wants to hurry back out here on the Coast.

He said he was slinging the Tennessee lads a Western line.

And Hank can, too.

------491------

JACK BIGGS WROTE BACK, saying hello to everyone who know him, saying also that THE SOUTHERNER is some paper, that he reads it from cover to cover, that his youngster is growing like a weed.

Jack was formerly Senior Leader, but was discharged in January, 1938, to accept a job back home.

-----491-----

AMONG THE DISTINGUISHED visitors to honor us with visits last month were Major Pomerene, Captain Kittrell, Captain Sargent, and Captain Read.

-----491-----

ROAMING RUMORS

Doc Sadberry made a flying trip to Portland to see the light of his life.....a lot of the lads are learning to dance and will soon be shaking a wicked hoof..... so long, 'till next issue.....

OPERATOR 38½ OFINES:

Most gravoyards are full of dead pooplo, but ho has found ono that is nearly always full of livo pooplo.

Ho doosn't got it.

---CCC---

THAT

ho doubts whothor or not a cortain protty would-bo accordion playor would ovor learn to play the accordion.

Last roports turnod in by his assistant, Padlock Homos, soom to indicato that sho will not, very soon.

---491---391---291---191---1

ROAMING ROMEO,

Woo Willio Sodbury, called to his blight-of-his-life and hor homo, sooms to bo moro choory since his journoy and his roturn from that voyago.

All rosourcos of Oporator 38½ and Padlock Homos aro thrown into tho mystory to find whothor or not Willio gavo hor a ring on hor fingor or undor hor oyo, hor good oyo, at that.

It is hopod that this will bo solvod by tho nòxt issuo.

A POEM

uncovorod from a mushy lottor to a mushy lad from a mushy girl:

No mattor how far
You go from I,
I'll always soo you
With my good oyo.

That most of tho boys in tho company havo somohow, for somo roason or othor, stopped going down to oat ico cream right after suppor, in Warronton.

It couldn't bo that a cortain protty girl who worked thoro and movod away had anything to do with it.

Oh no. Tho lads surely wouldn't stop for that roason. Thoy probably just got tirod of ico cream.

---CCC---

SEEMS AS HOW

Luko Williamson has takon ovor Dutch Williamson's dutios sinco tho lattor loft for homo.

DAN'L HELTON

is gettin' to be an all around man now since he's quit going with his other girl.

She was so cross-oyed that at the tablo, where sho sat next to him, she ate out of his plate.

Dan'l wastod away to a moro shadow, but now he's up to 198, on tho hoof. In other words, an all around man.

---CCC---

This gorgeous Fall,
So lovely and ducky,
Rominds me of
A girl namod "Lucky".

---CCC---

Au rosevoir 'till nòxt timo.

Halloween's Comin' Up

Charlie Price, after taking a pass from Prof

Dan'l Helton, in the Jewell Spike Camp, gettin' dinner.

The enrollee who isn't going to dig ditches for a living.

by M M

So many of the lads who have left have written back asking just who is who now in camp, that it behooves us to put out this roster:

Elmer Farrell	First Sergeant
Lillard Nabors	Company Clerk
Hilliard Cochrane	SCS Clerk
Fred Bozeman	Mess Sergeant
Earl Houston	Assistant Educational Adviser
Roy Moses	Canteen Steward
John I. Goron	First Cook
Alfred Tato	First Cook
Joe Archor	Second Cook
Wm. Holton	Second Cook
Lawrence Collins	Utility Man
Ralph Bailey	OD Driver
David Davis	SCS Mechanic
Paul Fennor	Gas and Oil Man
Clarence Prewitt	Supply Sergeant
Harry Wheat	Tool Clerk
Wm. Sodberry	First Aid Attendant
John Bragg	Assistant Leador
Virtis Goad	Assistant Leador
Mack Phillips	Assistant Leador
Marvin Roark	Assistant Leador
Robert Stringfield	Assistant Leador
Lucius Williamson	Assistant Leador
Harold Thomas	Leador
John Landrum	Bathhouse Orderly
Edward Holt	Barber
Delbert Harmon	SCS Office
Robert Murr	SCS Office
Ray Baker	KP
Rex Wilson	KP
Raymond Brown	KP
Jesse Walker	KP
Chalmers Akins	KP
James Vardon	KP
Philip Birdsong	Student Cook
George Galyon	Baker
Lamarr Wilson	Officer's Orderly
Fuller Pierce	SCS Orderly
James Ables	Blacksmith Shop
Sexton Williams	Blacksmith Shop
Bill Wilson	SCS Driver
James Stephenson	SCS Driver
Paul Taylor	SCS Driver
Thomas Scruggs	SCS Driver
Jesse Tucker	SCS Driver
George Anderson	SCS Driver
Albert Langford	SCS Driver
Billy Mitchell	SCS Driver
James Gavin	SCS Driver
Fred Caglo	Cat Driver
Lawrence Bozeman	Cat Driver

Herbert Adams	O.C. Feaster
Johnie Akins	Enoch Freels
Charles Alford	Samuel Geck
Edmond Anderson	Ralph Hall
Esly Arrington	James Hardison
Alvin Atkins	William Haynes
Herman Bailey	George Hicks
Jack Baker	Leroy Holland
Clyde Baldwin	Herman Hopkins
Lemuel Bass	Milford Kinsler
Gettys Baxley	Jack Lindsey
James Bearden	Quilla McCumber
Calvin Bender	Charlie Price
William Bishop	Granville Siler
Ralph Blackerby	Marvin Smith
Clarence Bolt	Paul Smith
William Booker	James Speed
John Bradford	George Straughn
John Brady	James Tennimon
Otis Brett	Aubrey Thames
Rudolph Britton	Ralph Tharp
George Brown	Lloyd Walker
Jamie Brown	Theron Wilbanks
Maburn Brown	Maurice Williams
James Buie	John Williamson
Joseph Bunkley	Henry Woods
Frank Cain	
James Campbell	
John Canup	
Herbert Champion	
Franklin Cobb	
Leander Conley	
Hugh Connell	
John Cotton	
James Cox	
Marshall Currin	
Roland Davis	
Willard Davis	
Edward Dismukes	
Edwin Dunn	
Leon Dyson	
Martin Edwards	
Roland Edwards	
Leslie Elmore	

October 1, 1938

S. McGillicuddy Horseco'lor Punkinhusker, Sez:

Dan'l Helton sent for some shoes from the mail order house, and when they got here ole Dan'l found they had strings in 'em instead of the buttons he's been used to, so he sent 'em back.

"them there strings'll throw ye every time," Dan'l sez.

THEM-CLOTHES AGENTS,

Doc Sedberry, Nabe Nabors, and Sarge Farrell, selling them newfangled city slikker suits, have got some new colors to offer the natives:

Graveyard grey
Sea-lawyer green
Bill-collector black
Tombstone blue

With every suit sold, for $4.54, plus postage, which runs anywhere from $5 to $6, you get two pants, a coat, a vest, a saddle and a horse.

And a suspender. And some oats.

OUT HERE

in Skunkcabbage Hollow the widow Hawkins is gettin' to be called the Bill collector.

She's been married five times, and each time her man's been named Bill.

SLINKY SAM,

clerk at the corner grocery store, said theother day:

"I don't reckon as how the boss trusts me. The other day he gave me the keys to the safe, and then took all the money out of it."

Sheriff Abner J. Twitchbottom, local fee collector or grabber, sez that the nose of Farmer Frogfuzz is so red from the corn skimmin's he's been makin' that he's going to use him for a lamppost when the fog gets thick in The Hollow this fall.

Pass the jug, thar, Abner.

ROMANCIN' POEM

Skunkcabbage is green,
Huckleberries are blue,
Gosh, if you loved me
Like I love you.

Slush. I don't get it.

OUT HERE

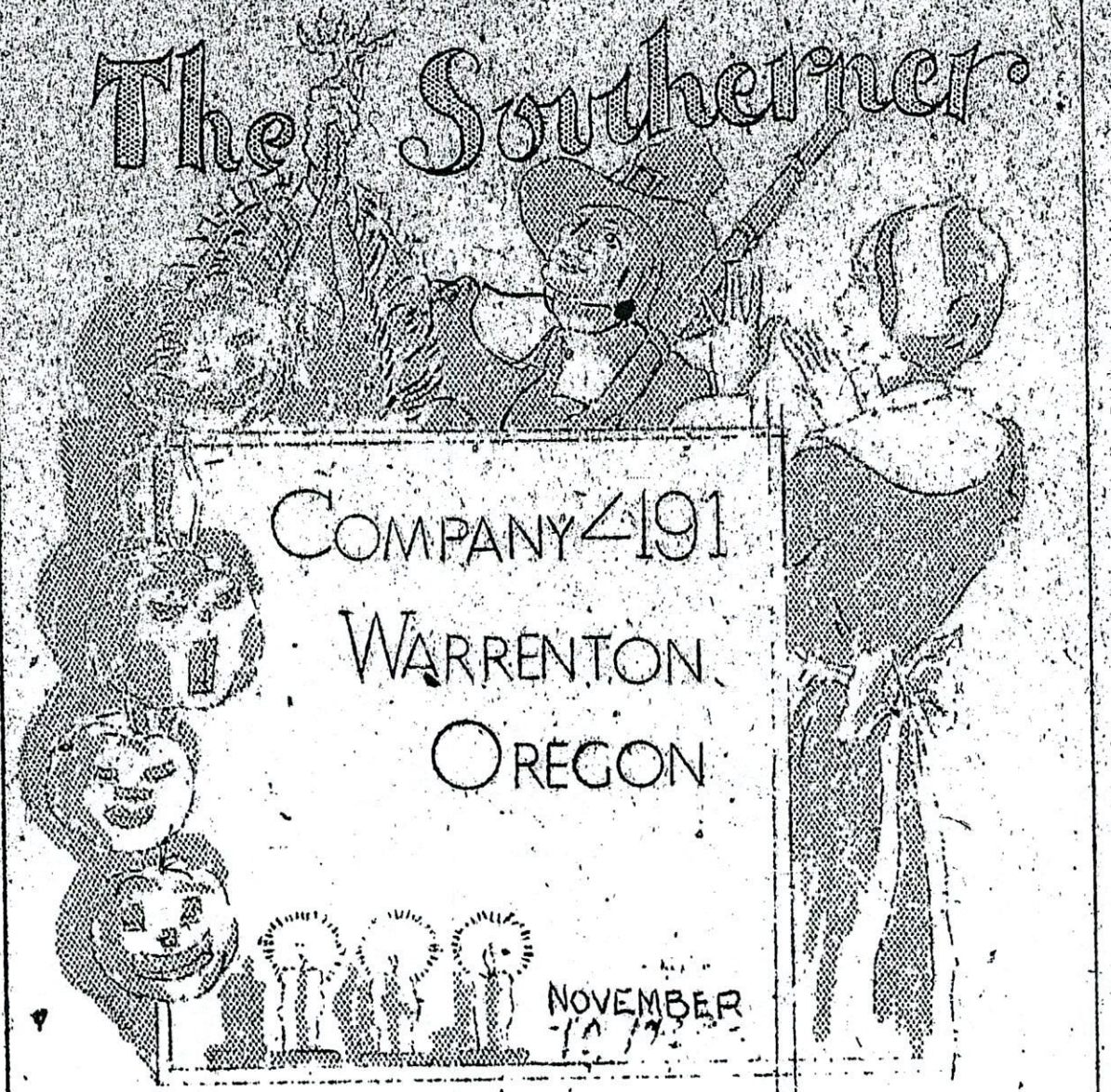
in the Hollow we think we have the champion of the world, in Johny Lowhorn. He sez no one can whup him in a fair fight.

He didn't add, though, that he doesn't think it's fair to chase a fellow down to fight him.

MIKE McGUFFY,

Skunkcabbage Hollow Hayseed, has crossed punkins with mashed potatoes and now grows punkin pies. The starch in the punkins grows sideways, flat-like, and when the sun comes out, it bakes, and the mashed potato influence makes the punkin meat mash, and there y' are.

The Southerner



COMPANY 4191

WARRENTON,

OREGON

NOVEMBER

J. Henry Woods

ADMINISTRATION

CCC CO. 491, SCS-7, Warrenton, Ore.

Lt. John B. Parrott
Commanding Officer

Lt. Harry W. Brown
Junior Officer

Lt. Stephen M. Byars
Junior Officer

Dr. Joseph McConnell
Contract Surgeon

Mr. Ivan W. Ginther
Educational Adviser

Mr. Garry L. Briggs
Project Superintendent

Gordon R. Donley
Conservationist

Montague W. Easton
Junior Forester

Walter Hereth
Engineer

Willard T. McLaughlin
Range Examiner

Frod Hensley
Foreman

George Tobin
Foreman

Bryson Lausch
Foreman

Larry Ober
Foreman

Tom Davis
Junior Assistant

Lloyd Walker
Nurseryman

Robert O'Kane
Nurseryman

Robert Brown
Nursery Manager

Vernon Hamlin
SCS Clerk

CHATTER

by Earl Houston

FORMER FORESTER KILLED IN AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENT IN GA.

News has just been received here of the death of Mr. Joel J. Rice, killed in an automobile accident in Georgia on October 23.

Several members of this company will remember Mr. Rice as Junior Forester in Camp TVA-19, Now Tazewell, Tennessee.

Funeral services for Mr. Rice were held at Hartwell, Georgia.

He is survived by his parents and wife to whom we extend our greatest sympathy.

***

ENROLLEE FREELS ACCEPTS PLACE WITH WARRENTON SHINGLE CO.

Enoch Freels of this company was discharged on October 10 to accept a place with the Warrenton Shingle Company.

Freels was enrolled in the Civilian Conservation Corps on July 10, 1936, and was placed in Company 491, then located at New Tazewell, Tennessee.

In October, 1937 Freels moved with Co. 491 to it's present location at Warrenton, Oregon.

While at Camp Warrenton Enrollee Freels was rated an Assistant Leader on the grass

-next column plizz-

planting crew.

In June of this year Freels was placed in the SCS carpenter shop where he received much practical training in woodwork that enabled him to obtain his present position.

Several outstanding accomplishments are credited to Freels, and the company wishes him much success in his new job.

Freels's home is at Sunbright, Tennessee. He was recently married to Miss Ruby Austin of Astoria. They are residing at Warrenton.

***

NEW JUNIOR OFFICER ARRIVES

Lt. Stephen H. Byars arrived at Camp Warrenton on October 31 to begin tour of duty.

***

The "Southerners" string band entertained at the Father and Son Banquet last Wednesday night at the Warrenton Church of Christ.

***

On the night of October 19 the "Southerners" put on a program at the Barn Dance sponsored by the Catholic Young People's Club of Astoria.

THE SOUTHERNER

Published semi-monthly at Co. 491 CCC, Warrenton, Oregon.

Staff	
Ivan Ginthor	Editor Chief
Earl Houston	Editor
Charlie Price	Sports
Elmer Farrell	Reporter
Butch Bailey	Reporter
Doc Sedberry	Reporter
Charles Alford	Reporter
Roy Moses	Reporter
Fred Bozoman	Reporter
Hank Woods	Art

THE INFIRMARY

notted the following sicknesses for the month of October:

Samuel Bowman	Migraine
Jamie Brown	Fractured ribs
Frank Cain	Bursitis
Esly Arrington	Cut foot
Jack Lindsey	Sprained ankle
Lemuel Bass	Nasopharyngitis

QUITE A RECORD

On November 8 of this year, Fred Bozoman celebrated his fifth year in the CCC.

During this time the present Mess Sergeant has not been on quarters, AWOL, or tried for anything.

A swell record, and he is to be congratulated. He worked his way from KP up to Mess Sergeant, taking the good with the bad all along the way, uncomplaining.

Others might learn a lesson or two from this record.

Congratulations, Fred.

MAJOR ADAMS

honored us with a visit November 9th. He looked around camp and was very well pleased with the way the camp as a whole looked.

Keep up the good work, men. You're making a swell record.

491-----CCC

ANY DRAFT ERS

in the Company? Anyone handy with the pen or the mechanical drawing set?

The SCS needs a man who can draft.

SORT OF .. BELIEVE IT OR NOT.

Just four years, to the ex act day, Jack Lindsey was rated an...ssistant Leader again.

491

HERE'S SOMETHING ELSE:

We have in this company, the following:

Cain	Mathew
Ables	John
Peter	Paul
Moses	Luke
David	Adam
Lott	Jordan

also

Cotton, Woods, Wheat, as well as a Dick Tracy, a Mantooth, Peace and Champion, Gunn, Key, a Krock, Silver, and a Sharp.

Not to mention Smith.

SHOWS FOR THE REST OF THIS MONTH:

November 15	CRUSADES
November 22	SHOCK
November 29	BIG BROADCAST OF 1938

Before It Is Too Late.

If you have a gray-haired mother
In the old home, far away,
Sit down and write the letter
You put off day by day.
Don't wait until her tired steps
Reach Heaven's pearly gate
But show her what you think of her
Before it is too late.

If you've a tender message
Or a loving word to say,
Don't wait 'till you forget it,
But whisper it today.
Who knows what bitter memories
May haunt you if you wait?
So make your loved ones happy,
Before it is too late.

We live in but the present,
The future is unknown;
Tomorrow is a mystery,
Today is all our own.
The chance that fortune leads to us,
May vanish while we wait,
So spend your life's rich treasure
Before it is too late.

The tender word unspoken,
The letters never sent,
The long-forgotten messages,
The wealth of love unspent;
For those, some hearts are breaking,
For those some loved ones wait,
So show them that you care for them
Before it is too late.

Sent in by Earl St. Jakes,
of Warrenton, Oregon.
We thank him.

1- Write to her

EDITORIAL

THANKSGIVING

Thursday, November 24 will be observed throughout the land as a day of national THANKSGIVING.

Thanksgiving Day originated in New England in 1621 after the first harvest of the New England colonists. Proclaimed by Governor Bradford as a day of prayer.

In 1623 a day of fasting and prayer in the midst of drought was changed into thanksgiving by the coming of rain during the prayers; gradually the custom prevailed of appointing thanksgiving annually after harvest. These appointments were by proclamation of the Governors of the several New England Colonies. During the Revolution a day of national thanksgiving was annually recommended by Congress.

In 1817 New York adopted it as an annual custom, and it spread through many of the States by the middle of the 19th century. In 1864 President Lincoln appointed a day of thanksgiving, and since then the presidents have issued a Thanksgiving proclamation, generally designating the last Thursday of November.

The first official Thanksgiving, offered for deliverance from an enemy, solemnized in England, was solemn Thanksgiving offered at St. Paul's Cathedral in gratitude for the defeat of the Spanish Armada on November 24th of the year 1588.

WARRENTON VISITORS RETURN TO CALIFORNIA

Mrs. Clifford Lund and children, Marvin (Pudgy) and Lavelle.returned last week to their home at Alameda, California after a two months visit with her parents, SCS Foreman and Mrs. George Tobin.

***

COLLINS AND WOODS GUESTS AT TEA PARTY

Enrollees Lawrence Collins and J. Henry Woods were guests of Misses Elaine Saunders and Ferne Hensley at a tea party last Sunday afternoon at the Saunders home in Warrenton.

An enjoyable time was had by all. After the party they attended the Christian Endeavor at the Warrenton Church of Christ.

***

HALLOWEEN PARTY ENJOYED BY ENROLLEES

Several from this company attended a Halloween Party in Warrenton recently.

ASTORIA PARTY ATTENDED BY MANY FROM WARRENTON

Quite a few from Camp Warrenton attended a party at the home of Miss Helen Johnson in Astoria Monday.

Those attending were: Prof. Ivan Ginther, Elmer Farrell, Lillard Nabors, William Sodberry, Harry Wheat, Joe Archer, John Bragg, John Landrum, Billy Mitchell, James Cox, and Chas. Munn.

They reported a very enjoyable time.

***

SOUTHERNERS BAND ENTERTAINS AT CAMP CATHLAMET.

The "Southernors" string band entertained at All-Camp night at Camp Cathlamet recently.

***

LT. PARROTT AND PROFESSOR GINTHER AT VANCOUVER

Lt. Parrott and Prof. Ginther are at Vancouver on business.

***

The "Southerners" band, with Lt. Parrott, is going to Camp Redmond for a performance next week.

Here's a song we have had a lot of requests to print, one that Ray Griffin made famous out here over KAST when he was singing for The Southerners:

MOONSHINE IN THE NORTH CAROLINA HILLS

In the North Carolina mountains, we have sweet and flowing fountains,
On every little hill we have a still
There are bright lights on Broadway,
The sun shines down in Dixie,
We'll have moonshine in the North Carolina Hills.

Chorus

Oh, the hills, beautiful hills, we'll have moonshine in the North Carolina hills,
Bright lights on Broadway, the sun shines down in Dixie,
We'll have moonshine in the North Carolina Hills.

Big policeman always busy, runnin' 'round in his tin lizzie,
Of course he has a duty to perform----
But always remember,
A hundred years from next November
We'll have moonshine in the North Carolina hills.

Folks went crazy o'er election,
Of course we need protection,
For all the nominations to fulfill------
Since Roosevelt's been elected,
We're sure to be protected,
We'll have moonshine in the North Carolina Hills.

WE JUST HAVE

to reprint this one from our Daily Breeze, for it's a good one:

It seems that at a party the group was playing games. At one time, they were playing a game that consisted of all the players making the worst face they could make, and the one making the worst one was to get the prize.

They all made their worst faces, and the judge looked them all over.

He finally went over to a lady who was sitting near the wall, and said:

"Madam, I believe you have won the prize. Here it is," and he presented the prize.

"Oh," she said, "I wasn't playing!"

-------491-------

THEY USUALLY ARE.

"Last night I was kissed twenty times in twenty minutes."

"By the same man?"

"No, he was a changed man after the first one."

491---------CCC

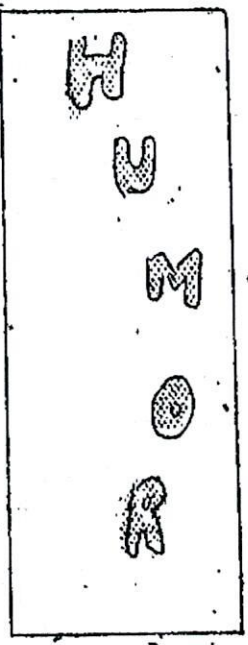
SHE KNEW.

"My dear," said Fred when he arrived home late and found his wife waiting up for him, " you'd never guess where I've been tonight."

"Oh, yes, I can," said June, "but go on with your story, anyway."

491

All the rookies better write and tell Santa Claus they moved.



NOT DAID YET!

Black boll boy: "De man in room sebon done gone hung hissolf."

Room Clerk: "Hung himself! Did you cut him down?"

Bell boy: "No sah. He ain't daid yet."

491

TSK TSK!

Young wife: "The post office is very careless at times, isn't it?"

Friend: "Yes, my dear. Why?"

Young wife: "Hubby is in Albany on business and the card he sent me is postmarked Palm Beach."

491

MUST HAVE MADE GOOD.

A boy from the village had gone to Hollywood and had made good. A former resident of the village was back for a visit.

"Does your son ever come back to the old home town?" he asked the boy's father.

"Yes, every year," the father told him, "for the last four years."

"Does he bring his wife with him?"

"Every time----and they were four of the prettiest young women you ever saw."

----------491----------

AND THIS

there is the musical carpenter, who plays on the tuba four.

Jimmy Ables kissed his girl under the mistletoe the other night and caught mistletoeonine poison.

EDUCATION IN 491

IT MAY INTEREST

all the men in this company to know that this camp has one of the five outstanding educational programs in this district.

That's something to write the folks about.

Mr. Don Maco, the District Educational Advisor, was out here last month taking pictures of the various classes, job instruction, and other activities in camp, to use them as a model of what a tops educational program can be.

The men of this company are responsible for this record, and you are to be congratulated for building such an enviable record. Everyone who is enrolled in some class can well feel that he has done his share in building something big and fine.

491---------CCC

Professor Ginther: "Billy, look at the dust on my desk. I can write my name in it."
Billy: "Gee, Mr. Ginther, ain't education wonderful?"

491

PUBLIC SPEAKING

is one of the fastest growing classes that we have. Debates, extemporaneous, or sudden talks, and planned speeches are the order of the day and the lads are really standing up there and tellin' 'em off.

Nice going.

491----------CCC

ARE YOU OR AREN'T YOU

going to get that diploma?

TYPING

is also another one of those large groups in the Ed Program.

Shortage of typewriters in the class is handicapping the group, but this is soon to be remedied.

491----------CCC

TAKE PICTURES

of your girl friend, buddies, or pals? If you do, you can develop them yourself, as we have all the stuff it takes, and a very good instructor in Mr. Easton, and you can cut the cost down about three-fourths.

Wednesdays at 6:00. In the darkroom in Barracks #3.

491

SLIM COLLINS

and his leather class are really putting out good stuff.

Pocketbooks, wrist-watch bands, key cases, and cameras cases are quite the order of the night.

CCC

OTHER GOOD GROUPS

include Mrs. Strito's First Aid groups, the groups studying with Mrs. Raymond, Bud Nelson's diploma class, the Dramatics gang that Mr. Cole is taking right along in fast style, Lt. Brown's diploma class, the Bookkeeping class of Lt. Parrott's, Shorthand and the Piano and guitar classes under Mrs. Raymond.

491

COOKING,

conducted by Boss Sarge Fred Bozeman, is still going ahead in fine style.

Soil Conservation Service

ON THE NECANICUM

Foremen Lausch and Ober have sixty men making brush mats and building cribs to stop rushing water. Charlie Price is aiding Luke Williamson and Floozie Arrington in overseeing the men.

SCS----------491

THE NURSERY (for plants)

has about 45 men working there, planting grass and collecting seed. O'Kane and Walker are supervising the work.

SCS

SLICK HERETH

sent the following letter to a large firm that had been advertising corn syrup:

"Dear Sir: After using six cans of your syrup, my feet are no better."

491--------CCC

OUT ON THE BEACH

Tom Davis has a crew of 16 men pulling up stakes, which have been covered with sand, and replacing them.

George Tobin has a crew of 28 men digging grass.

A gang of 25 lads, with Mr. Honsley in charge, is digging grass.

491------CCC

What a Diet.

Montague : "Holy smokes. They must have got bigger since I left jolly old England."

Donley: "What're you reading now, Monte?"

Easton: "Why, this paper tells of an Englishwoman losing over two thousand pounds."

SCS-----CCC------SCS

IN THE GARAGE

Foreman Pinky Laws, (I want butter) Shop Foreman, has seven men tearing into the motors his drivers wreck for him, working on the Harr Parr and stuff, and just working.

491--------CCC

SLICK HERETH

is the Engineer on the Necanicum Project, keeping the lines and stuff straight.

Brady is helping him, by carrying the surveyor's rod as they run lines here and there.

And wotta line Slick can run once in a while.

SCS

PICTURES

of the various projects that the SCS are working on are being taken by Junior Forester Monte Easton. McCumber goes along with him, learning the various ways of getting good pix.

491-----SCS

TRUCK DRIVERS

at the present time, are:

For Mr. Ober, Gavin;

For Mr. Tobin, Paul Taylor and Steve Stephenson;

Mr. Lausch has Perkalou Anderson and Langford;

Mr. Honsley has Tommy Scruggs

Big Six Wilson is driving for Tom Davis.

Billy Mitchell drives the chow truck, while Tucker herds the dump truck around.

491------SCS

SALMON are being knocked about down on the Necanicum these days.

More fun.

RIVIERA THEATER PROGRAM FOR NOVEMBER 6 to 30 for the information of the movie-going enrollees of this company.

Sunday to Wednesday, November 6-9
CAMPUS CONFESSIONS with Betty Grable, Eleanor Whitney and Hank Luisetti, the famous basketball star.
College basketball is the theme of this picture. Paramount.
plus-
MAN FROM MUSIC MOUNTAIN with Gene Autry, that yodeling master of western ballads, and Smiley Burnette. A Republic Picture.

Thursday to Saturday, November 10-12, continuous show Nov. 11, Armistice Day.
KING OF ALCATRAZ with Lloyd Nolan, Gail Patrick and Bob Preston.
Gangsters stage furious battle on ship after the "king" escapes in feminine disguise.
plus-
THE PAINTED DESERT with George O'Brien.

Sunday through Wednesday, November 13-16
MR. DOODLE KICKS OFF with Joe Penner at his best in a college football comedy. Juno Travis provides romance. RKO.
plus-
GIRLS ON PROBATION with Ronald Regan.

CONT. NEXT COLUMN-

BIRTHDAYS

George Anderson-14th.
Joe Archer-17th.
C.D. Bender-16th.
Earl Houston-20th.
Roland Davis-4th.
Elmer Farrell-30th.
Herman Hopkins-6th.
Milford Kinsler-15th.
Robert Stringfield-14th.
Aubrey Thames-11th.
Jesse Tucker-23rd.
Harry Wheat-22nd.

Thursday through Saturday, November 17-19
MYSTERIOUS RIDER, A Zane Grey feature with Russel Hayden.
plus-
PERSONAL SECRETARY with William Gargan.

Sunday through Wednesday, November 20-23
FRANKENSTEIN with Boris Karloff. plus-
DRACULA with David Manners and Bela Lugosi.

Thursday through Saturday, November 24-26, Continuous show Nov. 24, Thanksgiving.
TOUCHDOWN ARMY (Paramount)
John Howard, Mary Carlisle and William Frawley in a brisk football story with a West Point background. plus-
LAST EXPRESS with Kent Taylor.
Sun.-Wed., Nov. 27-30-
VACATION FROM LOVE with Dennis O'Keefe and Florence Rice. (MGM)
GOLDMINE IN THE SKY-Gene Autry.

- One cold Saturday morning, October 22, 1938, when not even an undertaker or seagull would be up stirring, Lt. John Parrott stalked into the boudoir of EA Ivan Ginthor and rudely shook the sleeping thing in the bed. It was the unearthly hour of nine in the morning.

"Hey, Professor, wake up, you've got to play a football game this morning, said the Lieutenant.

"May I have this dance?" Prof mumbled, his foggy mind still on the dance he had left a few short hours before.

"You'll be dancing pretty soon, when those Warrenton High School boys get ahold of you," said Lt. Parrott. "Come on, wake up, wake up, they want to play right away."

"She said they'd play in the morning," mumbled the thing in the bed as he rolled over. His half-opened eye looked up at the figure beside his bed. "What's the night watchman doing in my room this time of the night?" he asked.

"Night watchman my eye, this is me, me the man around here," said the Lt., "come on, fall out of bed, we've got to win a ball game this morning."

"But I just barely got in. I haven't had any sleep. I'll bet my socks aren't even cold yet," said the Professor.

"And I'll bet your nose isn't, either. Come come, let's get into that uniform and get out there."

So it came to pass that shortly after ten o'clock in the morning, a weird hour, an hour when even scarecrows are still asleep, a six-man football team from Co. 491 kicked off to a fighting team from Warrenton High School on the WHS gridiron. 491 took the ball on downs shortly afterwards, threw a pass which was intercepted by WHS and run for a touchdown, passed for the extra point and the score stood 7 to 0 for WHS.

But the Juggernaut from 491 hadn't warmed up yet, and at that time it started thawing out. Some fancy open-field stepping by Professor Ginther and Charlie Price, some fancy passes from Prof. to Alford, to Sedberry, and to Price, and some good blocking by Billy Mitchell and Quilla McCumber, and things started rolling.

Two touchdowns were made in quick order when Charlie Price, the Georgia Jackrabbit took each of two passes from EA Ivan Ginther and ran for touchdowns, outstepping the WHS defense. Point for try after touchdown was lost both times. Then Alford, right end for 491 caught Rubens behind the goal line for two points, and the score stood 14-7 for 491. Yowzah.

WHS then brought it out to the twenty and tried three, but the line from 491 held, even took 'em for losses, and Rubens, WHS end and a good kicker, kicked to Ginther who took it on his own ten and swirled, side-stepped and danced his way, like some will-o'-the-wisp at twilight, through the entire WHS team for a touchdown. Point after was missed. Score, 20 to 7.

The next touchdown came in short order. Charlie Price intercepted a WHS pass and ran it to midfield. Then, on the next play Ginther stepped back and fired a long one into the end zone to Alford. Point after was run over. Score, 27 to 7.

The last touchdown occurred when, after some fancy razzle dazzle plays by Alford, Prof and Mitchell, and some fancy passes from Price to Alford and Sodberry, behind a good blocking line of-John D. Williamson, McCumber and Edwards (Roland), a play found Sodberry in the end zone where he took a pass from Ivan Ginther. Point after was missed as Ginther was smothered by the entire WHS team, behind the line. Score, 33 to 7.

The game was played with good sportsmanship prevailing all through the game. Romey Adams, WHS coach, referred. The WHS team was outweighed and was lacking two of their regulars, which would have made a difference in the score, no doubt. But both teams played good football.

The team from 491 was:

Sodberry	left end
McCumber	center
Alford	right end
Price, Charls	halfback
Ginther	quarterback
Mitchell	halfback

Substitutions: John D. Williamson for McCumber; Mitchell for Alford; Roland Edwards for Charlie Price.

Some of our other players couldn't play dud to lack of equipment, and on account of weight. It is hoped to have another game here soon.

BASKETBALL

is taking the camp by storm at the present time, with practice being held two times a week in the Warrenton High Gym.

Bolt, Sodberry, Stephenson, Lindsey, Austin Smith, Knight, Mentooth, Cock, Maurice Williamse on, Blackerby, John I. Goren, Foaster, Roland Edwards, Alford, Tucker, Holt, and a couple of the new boys whose names we don't know as yet, are the lads who've been running up and down the court. We left out Mississippi Wilson, who is always in there fighting.

491

THE ATHLETE,

always trying for a new record in most sports, was ill from overtraining, and in a hospital. The doctor came through and took his temperature.

"M-m-m," muttered the Doc.

"How high is it?" asked the athlete, weakly.

"M-m. It's 104."

"What's the record?" asked the athlete.

------491------

HA'Y HA!

"Can you imagine, Percival, my girl friend thinks a football coach has four wheels."

"Haw haw," said Percival, "and how many wheels does the blooming thing have?"

491--------CCC

RIDDLE.

"What has four wheels and flies?"

Answer:

A garbage wagon.

WHO HAUNTS THE HOUSE OF HANK HORSECOLLAR, OF THE HOLLOW?

Old Hank Horsecollar was a wee bit late coming home from the Village where he had spent the day. Old Hank lived alone, about twelve miles out in The Hollow, near nobody. He had spent the last fifty five years there, and was now fifty six years old. At the present time he was a wee bit under the weather, having voted six or seven times and having got a pint or so of corn skimmins each time he voted.

So it was he didn't notice that his pot scarecrow, the one with the Graveyard Grey suit on it, was gone from its spot near the corn patch by the house, just beyond the still. Hank lived next door to a graveyard, one that had been abandoned years before, and whose stones and graves were grey with moss and age, and stuff.

There was a cold moon out, a little fog, and the graveyard reflected the cold light of the pale moon from many tombstones. The cold drip drip of an earlier rain was all that could be heard as Hank staggered into the gate. From behind a tombstone, the one nearest the gate, a dark something hovered, seeming to watch Hank. It was shapeless under the cold light of a mist-covered moon, but it moved. The pale moonbeams reflected dully off the blue tombstone behind which the sinister thing crouched. As Hank toed off for the house the shape glided toward the gate through which Hank had flowed a short while before.

Hank finally found the steps and started toward the porch. He negotiated the steps all right and started looking for the string that opened the door. While he was fumbling for it, the shape departed from the tombstone and floundered toward the basement. A shuffling sound was all that could be heard as the terror slithered in the darkness toward the basement door.

Somehow Hank Horsecollar got thru the door and made his way in the dark to a corner steeped in gloom. He didn't remember at the time that he had left the door open when he went to the village that morning, and that it was closed when he returned. If he had, he would have no doubt made his way at once to the wall from which hung his trusty rifle, a thirty-forty-two.

Downstairs the shape moved as if on the feet of a phantom to the bottom of the steps leading upstairs, listening to Hank as he floundered around upstairs, looking for a match to light the fire in the stove that always cooked his oatmeal and sourdough hotcakes. The thing found the steps and started upwards. In one hand it held a heavy bludgeon, while in the other hand, if it had another hand, there was nothing, nothing but the dew of the graveyard, collected off the cold tombstones in the marble orchard a minute before, from tombstones below which forefathers slept or mouldered while the rain, sleet and snow beat down on it above, or while the cold moonbeams filtered down through the chilly fog.

As the moon came out from behind a cloud, another shape, as large and as black as the first, detached itself from underneath the rain-soaked trees and moved toward a small granite tombstone in the corner of the graveyard. Poor Hank. Had he known of the things haunting his house and the granite orchard next door, he would have voted a few more times in the Village, or would have stayed at the Village Store, shooting a line to Slinky Sam. For there was stark tragedy, even danger, lurking about him. He struck a match, to find the stove, and as he did, the door coming from the basement started slowly to open.

(continued next issue)

HAW HAW HAW!!

A BIG ONE.

A bunch of the locals were swapping yarns at the corner store, about their radios. An old man was listening closely.

"Got a radio, Zeke?" he was asked.

"Yeah, a little one-tuber. It's a honey, though."

"It is ?"

"Yes siree. I was listenin' to a quartet the other night and I didn't like the tenor, so I tuned him out."

491----------CCC

THESE WOMEN

Judge: "You broke into the same drapery store three nights in a row. What have you stolen?"

Prisoner: "Only one frock for my wife. She made me change it three times."

-------491-------

Candidate: (making political talk) "I'm sure I can trust the common people."

Voice in back: "I wish you'd open a grocery store, then."

491

TOURIST: (in village) "What do you have here in the shape of automobile tires?"

Storekeeper: "Doughnuts, funeral wreaths, life preservers and invalid cushions."

491--------CCC

AT THE TABLE

Bolt: "Sandwich, I do wish you'd stop reaching for things. Don't you have a tongue?"

Sandwich: "Yes, but my arm is longer."

MAYBE SO.

Little boy: "Mama, is that hair tonic in that bottle on the table?"

Mother: "No, son, that's glue."

Son: " Maybe that's the reason my hat won't come off."

491

DEAH DEAH, THEM GOLD ONES?

Doctor: "You say your back aches, and you had a severe chill. Do your tooth ache?"

Charlie Price: "I don't know, sir, they're over there in that glass."

491

TAKE YOUR PICK.

Prisoner: "The judge sent me here for the rest of my life."

Guard: "Got any complaints?"

Prisoner: "Do you call breaking rock with a hammer a rest?"

491--------CCC

PRICE?

"When I'm sad,
And blue," says Charlie;
"It helps me think,
Of a girl named Dolly."

491

PUNY POEM

Where is dear old Grandma?
For hours we've heard her yell---
Let us keep our little secret,
Grandma's in the well.

sent in by Throbbinton J. Throckmorton.

---------491--------

MIGHT BE.

Rookie: "Is that the moon rising - over there?"

Second rookie: "I don't know. I'm a stranger around here myself."

WELCOME TO CAMP WARRENTON-
NEW MEN

On October 24 seventy-nine new members arrived at Camp Warrenton from Fort McClellan, Alabama.

Of the seventy-nine, forty-four are from Tennessee, and thirty-five from Alabama.

We wish to take this space to welcome the new men, and it is our sincere hope that they will enjoy their period of enrollment in Company 491.

Below is a roster of the new men:

Frank F. Alford
James Barnett
John W. Bridges
James C. Brown
William E. Buchannon
Clarence Burgess
Robert E. Campbell
Wilmer Campbell
Bill Carroll
Albert L. Carter
Clifford Clemons
Russell L. Cobb
William D. Cooper
William D. Copeland
James E. Duffey
Clyde J. Fowler
Leon H. Gray
Walter O. Gumm
Bruce E. Hall
Horace Hallman
Erby L. Hawkins
John P. Hawkins
Alvin Hendricks
Elmer J. Hill
Cecil C. Johnson
Julian W. Jordan
Dura A. Koahey
Leroy Koy
Luther J. Kicker
John M. Kitchens
Claronce E. Klein
Winfred Knight
John J. Krock
Jesse L. Lawronce
Chester Lawson
William C. Locklear
John H. Lott
T.S. Lowery
Wilson H. McClung
Samuel McCutchon
Homer McDaniel
C.S. McFarland
Frank E. McGuirk
L.H. Mantooth
Fred E. Matthews
William F. Meehan
Verniso Mitchell
Claronce Morgan
Lester D. Morman
Emmett Norris
Howard Nunnally
Martin J. Owens
Claronce Pack
William E. Pate
Macon K. Peace
James A. Prescott
Henry Pullen
John E. Raby
Carl J. Ridlespur
Benjamin Rogers
Charley Sellers
Charles Shavers
J.B. Shaw
Joe H. Silvers
Austin L. Smith
Jimmie Smith
J.C. Smith
Joseph H. Smith
Odell Toal
Lester E. Tracy
George Usmiller
Otha A. Warren
Conley Whaley
Luie E. Whitman
H.J. Wilkerson
Roy T. Williams
Claude R. Wright
Marvin H. Wright
Ernest T. Sharp

November 11, 1938

J. Mc Billiebuddy Horsecollar, Punkinhusker from Skunkcabbage Hollow, Maines

Seems as how the pain this year in the Hollow is about the worst it has been for nigh onto forty years.

Several people are getting water on the knee, and trouble is starting these cold mornings when the water freezes, causing the people to walk stiff legged until noon, when the sun thaws the knee out.

Gettin' pretty bad.

Farmer Whiskbroom, who lives so far out in the Hollow that his breath smells like cordwood, was in town this mornin', in the village, rather, and told of the damage done on his farm.

"Drowned all m' ducks, got the cows so wet that their milk was weak, and the people was all quittin' takin' milk from me. Times is tough," he said, "but I'll fix things. Give me a box of chalk."

HEAVY DRAMMER ♠ ♦ ♣ ♥ occurred the other night in Skunkcabbage Hollow.

The scene was the back room of "Rednose" Riley's poool room. The smoke was thick and blue, while around the table was a circle of faces, grim and unshaven. The shuffle of cards and the rattle of chips was all that could be heard. At times, between deals, it was so quiet you could hear yer hair grow, or the dust settle, or the blue smoke rise. Old "Flinthoart" Flatchest was dealin', and guns was plainly in evidence. The seven men picked up their cards, discarded and drew again.

Suddenly old "Flintheart" whipped out his notched .44, covered the gang at the table, and glaring wickedly at them with his good eye, said in a deadly tone:

"This game is crooked. Old "Satchalfoot" isn't playin' th' cards I dealt him."

"What do they call wheelbarrows out here in the Hollow?" asked the city slicker.

"They don't have to call 'em," Horace J. Collar told him, "they always leave 'em just outside the door."

Old Paw Hawkins is in a bad way. Seems as if he had lumbago in his back, and the veterinary rubbed it with horse liniment.

Well, Paw had been in bed for a while an' hadn't had a lick of corn backin's for some spell, so he tried to lick the liniment off his back, to get a little alcohol.

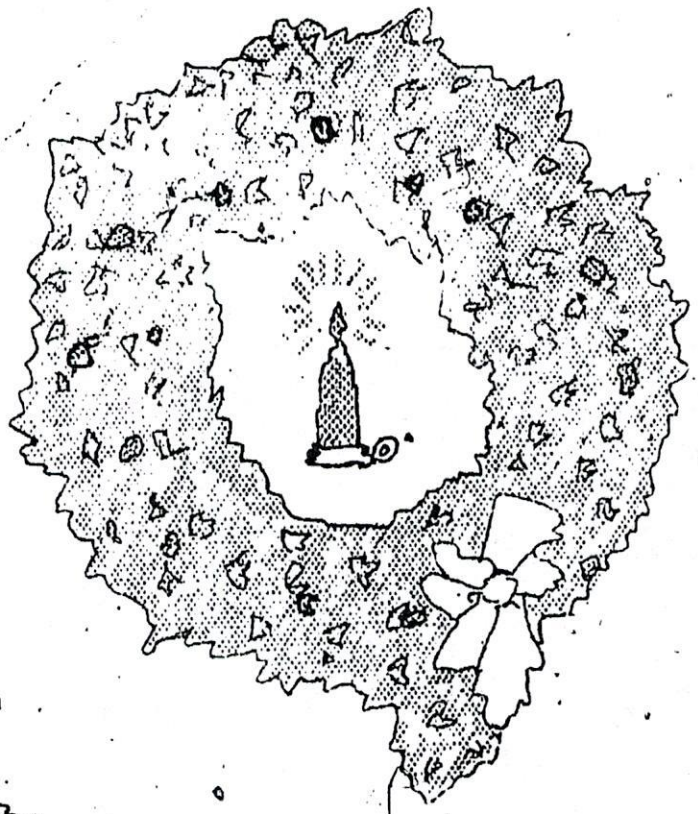
His neck kinked on him and stuck there. If He gets well, the Doc says, he'll have to learn how to walk all over again, for his head will be pointing backwards. Tough on Poor Paw.

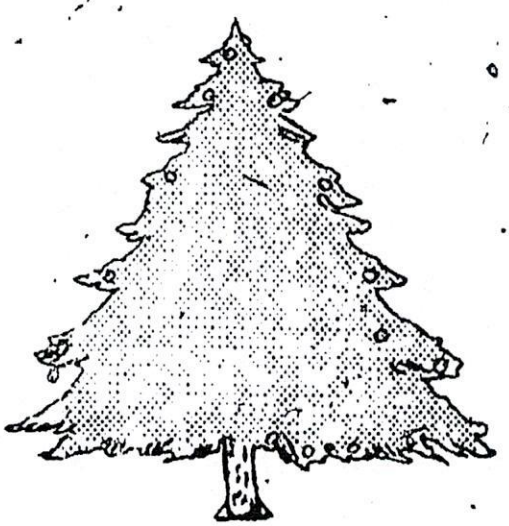
By all the stars that shine above,
It sure is tough to be in love.

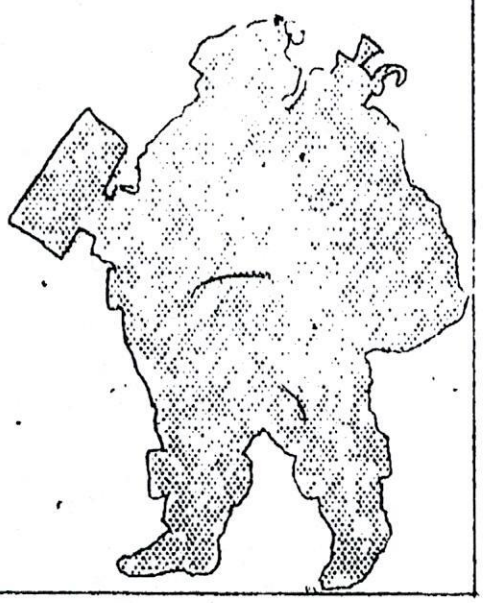
---Mike McGuffy.

The SOUTHERNER

CCC Co. 491 - SCS - December 25, 1938
Warrenton, Ore.







ADMINISTRATION
CCC Co. 491, SCS-07

Lt. John B. Parrott
Commanding Officer

Lt. Stephen M. Byars
Junior Officer

Dr. Joseph McConnell
Contract Surgeon

Mr. Ivan W. Ginther
Educational Adviser

Mr. Garry L. Briggs
Project Superintendent

Gordon R. Donley
Conservationist

Montague W. Easton
Junior Forester

Willard T. McLaughlin
Range Examiner

Walter H. Horoth
Foreman

Fred Hensley
Foreman

George Tobin
Foreman

Bryson Lausch
Foreman

Larry Ober
Foreman

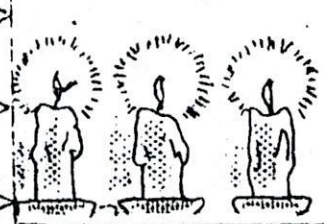
Tom G. Davis
Junior Assistant

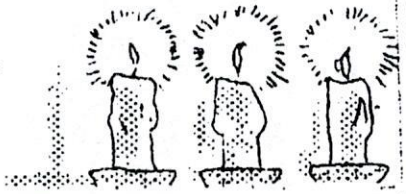
Vernon Hamlin
SCS Clerk

Robert Brown
Nursery Manager

Robert W. O'Kane
Nurseryman

Lloyd G. Walker
Nurseryman





RIVIERA THEATER PROGRAM

DECEMBER 15 to JANUARY 8.

Thurs.-Fri.-Sat., Dec. 15-16-17 TORCHY GETS HER MAN with Glenda Farrell and Barton MacLane. Glenda Farrell at her best as "Torchy Blane", the wide-awake reporter, plus RENEGADE RANGER with George O'Brien.

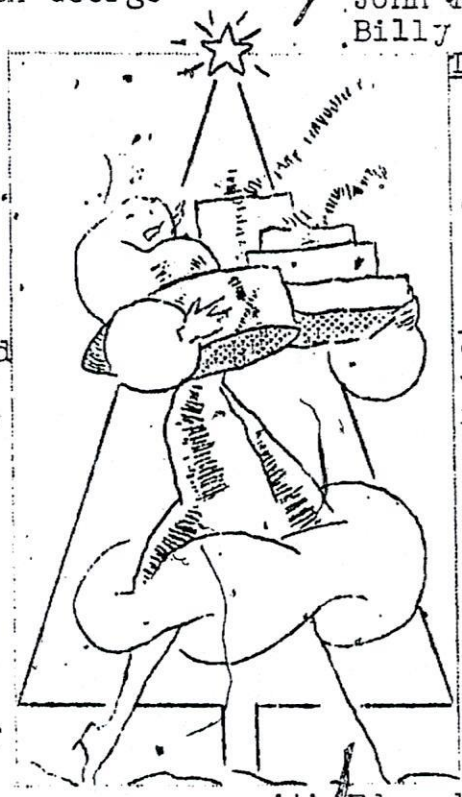
Sun.-Wed., Dec. 18-21 ARREST BULLDOG DRUMMOND with John Howard, and Heather Angel. plus- BAREFOOT BOY with Jackie Moran, Marcia Mae Jones, Claire Windsor, and Ralph Morgan. The Adred-blooded American youhh of this the "Haunted House" of a racketeer's mob. A Monogram Picture

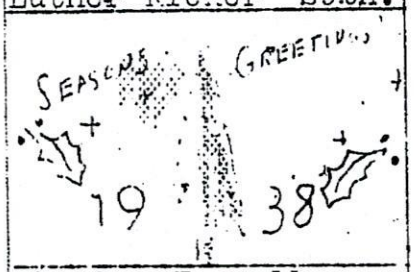
Thurs.-Sat., Dec. 22-24 TARNISHED ANGELS with Sally Eilers. plus- WESTERN TRAIL with Bob Baker.

Sun.-Wed., Dec. 25-28, continuous show 25th & 26th. ANNABEL TAKES A TOUR with Jack Oakie, Lucille Ball, Ralph Forbes and Ruth Donnelly. Jack Oakie, press agent, has Lucille Ball, film star, go on a personal appearance tour, she falls in love with Ralph Forbes. An R-K-O Picture. plus- FLIGHT TO FAME with Charles Farrell and Jacqueline Wells. Also Hugh Sothern and Alexander D'Arcy. next column-

THIS MONTH WE EXTEND BIRTHDAY GREETINGS TO

Ivan Ginther	10th.
Franklin Cobb	9th.
Marvin Roark	7th.
Mack Phillips	14th.
Willie D. Cooper	24th.
Edward Dismukes	25th.
John P. Cotton	27th.
Billy Mitchell	28th.
Luther Kicker	29th.





Charles Farrell, war department official, tracks down a mysterious pilot whose electronic death-ray can destroy a plane in the air. Columbia.

Thurs.-Sat., Dec. 29-31 LITTLE ADVENTURESS with Edith Fellows. plus- SECRETS OF A NURSE with Edmund Lowe and Helen Mack.

Sun.-Wed., Jan. 1-4 GIRLS SCHOOL with Ann Shirley and Nan Grey. Gay young girlhood learns how to live and love in this romantic story of life in a fashionable girl's school. A Columbia Picture. Second featured not dated.

Thurs.-Sat., Jan. 5-7 REFORMATORY with Jack Holt. plus- LAW WEST OF TOMBSTONE with Harry Carey and Tim Holt.

THE SOUTHERNER

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT COMPANY 491 CCC, WARRENTON, OREGON.

***

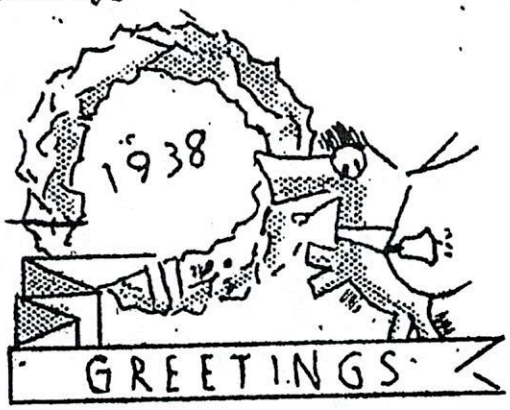
Ivan Ginther Editor-in-Chief
Earl Houston Editor
Henry Woods Art Editor
Charlie Price Sports Editor
Elmer W. Farrell Reporter
Ralph C. Bailey Reporter
William H. Sedberry Reporter
Charles Alford Reporter
Roy L. Moses Reporter
Fred Bozeman Reporter

***

Several persons from Warrenton and Astoria were visitors at Camp Warrenton on November 24. The visitors were conducted through the camp by enrollees, and shown the various buildings and departments. After a tour through the camp, a delicious Thanksgiving dinner was served which was thoroughly enjoyed.

We wish to take this space to welcome visitors to Camp Warrenton for Christmas when another delicious dinner will be served.

Remember, that visitors are always welcome at Camp Warrenton, and will be extended every courtesy.



IT WAS

the morning after Santa had been around, and little Willie said:

"Mother, is Santa Claus a good man?"

"Yes, dear, why?"

"Well, he didn't sound so good last night when he stubbed his toe on my bed."

491

AT THIS TIME AND

in this space, we wish to take the opportunity to wish everyone who reads this a very happy New Year, as well as a very Merry Christmas. And we mean it.

CCC

CHRISTMAS PUNY POEM.

A man sat on a doorstep,
'Twas Christmas in Bombay,
He had a gang of coolies
To chase the flies away.
He wished he was in Greenland
Where flies are frozen stiff--
A man said "Merry Christmas,"
And he up and hit him Biff!

491

'Twas the night before Xmas,
And all through the house-----

EDITORIAL

This is the time of the year when thoughts turn more or less to the higher plane of our lives here on earth.

Someone once said that when someone does you a dirty trick, do him a favor in return----that is Godliness.

Another thought along this same line is the old saying, "To err is human, to forgive is Divine."

How small a sacrifice we give when we give a favor in return for a malicious deed, or when we forgive someone for something done wrong, whether it were to us, or to somebody else, for HE, when HIS life was being taken from HIM, said, "God, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

So, be Godly and forgive the poor unfortunate ones who, through envy, jealousy, or ignorance harbor ill thoughts of you, or do small petty deeds meant to hurt, for they are to be pitied. All through their lives they will be miserable while you will rise to higher levels.

Follow this philosophy of life and see how really enjoyable life will be for you.

ABOUT CHRISTMAS.

Christmas was first celebrated about 182-190 A.D.. A certain Diocletian, while keeping court at Nicomadia, learned that a multitude of Christians were assembled in the city to celebrate the birthday of Jesus, and set fire to the building, whereby all the Chrisians perished in the flames. This is the first record of celebrating this day.

Christmas, from the 5th to the 8th century, gathered around it other festivals, partly old and partly new, so what may be termed a Christmas Cycle of celebrations sprang up.

It was not always celebrated around the 25th of December, and was first celebrated on this date in Rome around 350 A.D. In the Roman Catholic Church three masses are performed, one at midnight one at daybreak, and one in the morning. The Lutheran Church and most of Christendom it is kept as a social holiday, on which there is a complete cessation from all business.

The visits of Santa Claus, bearing gifts, belong properly to December 6, the day of St. Nicolas.

Anyway, Merry Christmas.

CCC CHATTER

Earl Hunton

LT. BROWN TRANSFERRED

Lieutenant Harry W. Brown who has been Junior Officer of Company 491 since August 1, has been transferred to Company 5481, Camp Sunset, at Yacolt, Washington.

Mrs. Brown and Harry Jr. will join him in a few days. They will reside at Vancouver.

***

Delbert Harmon's mother who has been ill at her home near Jewell is recovering.

We sincerily hope that she will soon be fully recovered.

***

William Sodberry spent the week-end in Portland recently. He reported a very enjoyable time.

***

The Southerners String Band under the direction of Lt. Parrott entertained at a sing meet at Capt. Robert Gray school on Monday night, December 5.

The program of cowboy ballads, southern melodies, and mountain music was enjoyed by all who attended.

On Monday night, December 12 the Southerners were guests at an American Legion meeting in Astoria.

COLONEL MURPHY ADDRESSES COMPANY AT ALL-CAMP NIGHT

Colonel Robert Murphy, Medical Officer of Fort Stevens, gave a very interesting talk on "social relations" at all-camp night on November 29.

***

CHIEF ACTON VISITS CAMP

Chief of Police John K. Acton of the Astoria Police Department visited Camp Warrenton on December 6 and gave an interesting talk on the city government of Astoria.

Chief Acton also highly commended the enrollees of Company 491 on their excellent behavior in Astoria.

***

GENERAL GRUNERT ARRIVES AT VANCOUVER BARRACKS

Brigadier General George Grunert arrived at District Headquarters from Manila, P.I. on November 25, and immediately assumed command of the Vancouver Barracks District.

Colonel Ralph R. Glass has been District Commander since the departure of General Marshall.

Company 491 is anticipating a visit by General Grunert soon.

***

Enrollee John Bragg is at station hospital, Vancouver for removal of a growth on eye.

Social Note

HANK HORSECOLLAR PROPOSES TO MISS HATTIE HORSERADISH.

(Special scoop sent in by Operator 38½ via the wires of the Secondhand Cloths's Press)

.....They were sittin' by the fireplace in Hattie's house, were Hank Horsecollar and Hattie Horseradish, lookin' longin'ly into the fire. Night had crept on as night always does in Skunkcabbage Hollow, and outside the plaintive call of the Skunkcabbage Whip-poor-Wills could be softly heard in the twilight.

Hank reached over and got Hattie's good hand, put into his own, and said:

"Right purty hand y' got there, Hattie. I been readin' up on hands, an' the lines in your hand look all right t' me."

Hattie blushed.

Hank went on, "Them hands ain't made fer such silly stuff as handlin' books, er papers, er magazines, an' stuff; them hands was made fer such noble stuff as cannin' fruit an' so on fer a man, sewin' shirts onto a handful of buttons, washin' on Monday mornin's, an' such stuff as that."

Hattie went on with her blushin'. Hank went on talkin'.

"Y' know, Hattie, I've been thinkin' a lot lately about life, an' stuff, an' you an' me. Y' know, we've been goin' t'gether fer quite some spell now, an' the first thing y' know, people 'll start t' talk. Let's see, it'll be twelve years this comin' July 12th, won't it, m' little blossom?"

"Yes, m' darlin'," said Hattie, an' went on with her blushin'.

"I'm not such a bad guy, am I, Hattie?"

"No, Hank, not so bad."

"Course I know I ain't so much t' look at, but I got a warm heart, an' every nook an' corner of it is a beatin' for you, Hattie."

"That's right sweet of you, Hank."

"I got forty hogs an' they'll bring me a right smart piece of money when I sell 'em this Fall, Hattie. An' just t' show ye m' hearts in the right place, shucks, guess it should be in th' left place, Hattie, haw haw, that's a better joke than they pull on th' new wireless music box of Cousin Clinch's, Hattie."

"Ye're right clever, Hank."

Hank's red nose shone a bit brighter at that remark, an' you could see it didn't exactly make him mad. He went on,

"An' when I sell m' hogs, Hattie, just t' show you m' heart's in the right place, I'm gonna send y' t' town and let ye get yerself somethin', like a new set of knittin' needles, or somethin' like that, Hattie."

"Aw, Hank, don't be so reckless with yer money," Hattie told him. "Ye'd better save it."

(next page, plizz)

"I'll have enough, Hattie, don't you worry. But, as I was sayin', I've been thinkin' a lot lately, about life, an'-stuff, an' settlin' down. Nights when I got th' misery in m' knee, an' I can't sleep, an' I get t' thinkin' about deep stuff like that, an', an', well, Hattie,------gee, I can't seem t' say what I was plannin' on. Funny, too, I said it to m' hogs all mornin', an' said it all afternoon while I was runnin' off that last batch of corn, but I can't say it now. Funny, isn't it, Hattie?"

"Guess so, Hank. Must be," ventured Hattie.

"Well, what I was meanin' t' say, was, in the mornin', I'll go down an' milk the cows, chase th' buzzards an' crows outa the barnyard, slop m' forty hogs, come back an' change shoes, an' you an' me'll take off t' town an' have Judge Penny-pincher hitch us up. There, I said it. Wot say, Hattie?"

"Oh, Hank, this come up kinda sudden, didn't it?" asked Hattie, blushin' kinda scared liko, but Hank could see she was pleased mightily.

"Wal, kinda sudden like. I only been thinkin' of it for the last four or five years, but I figgered it's better t' say it sudden-like than any other way. Me an' Uncle Jake and Aunt Fanny an' Cousin Clinch talked it all over, an' we all thought it was about time."

"Uncle Jake, Aunt Fanny an' Cousin Clinch know'd ye was a goin' t' p ropose?"

"Yes, Hattie, m' dewdrop, they're hopin' we got hitched right soon. They're goin' t' live with us. We kinda figgered ye'd be lonesome, so I invited all three of 'em t' live with us. They won't bother ye much, fer they sleep most of th' time, an' they won't make much extra work, just a little extra cookin, an' sewin', an' ye won't be so lonesome."

"Oh, Hank, you're always thinkin' just of me, an' I'll be proud t' be Mrs. Hank Horsecollar."

"Hattie Horseradish, this is one of the happiest moments of m' life, an' I'm goona go home an' shine up m' button shoes, get m' store clothes outa th' root cellar, an'-------"

"Don't go away, Hank. Let's just sit here an' look into th' fire fer a spell," said Hattie Horseradish.

So they sat, hand in hand, and stared dreamily into the fire. The flames flickered an' cast dancing shadows on the walls of the Horseradish cabin. Hank's shadow, with its hat on, looked funny as it flickered on the wall, but Hank didn't care, for he was as happy as the time when he took Lulubelle, his pet pig, to the city fair and won a third prize with her.

THIS 'N THAT

FIRST AID CARDS

were issued to the following men who successfully completed the course given by Mrs. Inez Strite:

George Hicks
Herman Hopkins
John Landrum
Jack Lindsey
Marvin Roark
Paul Taylor
Gettys Baxley
Clarence Bolt
Clarence Burgess
O.C. Feaster
John E. Geren
Quilla McCumber
Austin Smith
Maurice Williams

These lads are to be congratulated upon their splendid work in this course.

491

PAINT

by the gallons have been poured around camp and splashed on the walls the past few weeks.

The inside of the Educational Building, in the Army Office, and hither and yon, sort of making brighter spots out of the places painted.

491

Teacher: "What happens when there is an eclipse of the sun?"
Pupil: "A great many people come out and look at it."

CCC

HIGH SCHOOL SUBJECTS,

with Mrs. Strite, Slick Hereth and EA Ivan Ginther teaching, is going ahead as it should, in fine style.

BASKETBALL

is just starting to get under way here in 491. We are entered in the Astoria Town League, and the first games start this week.

In pre-season games we have won two and lost two, and the team has shown some flashes of what may develop to be great basketball.

Passing, the most important thing in the game, is getting better, and excessive dribbling is getting rare, as it should be.

The squad at the present time is composed of Lt. Parrott, Ivan Ginther, Chick Munn, Lamar Wilson, Steve Stephenson, Mantooth, Doc Sedberry, Pop Bolt, Locklear, Bill Knight, Blackerby, Geck, Maurice Williams, Austin Smith, Jack Lindsey;

491

GOOD IDEA.

Duchess of Driftwood: "What would you do if someone were dying for a kiss?"
Duke of Rolled Oats: "I'd render first aid."

CCC

LT. BYARS,

since going to town now and then, and a dance or two, is starting to like this country out here.

HAYWOOD?

Firstsarge Farroll: "It's raining cats and dogs outside."
Messarge Bozeman: "Yes, I know, I just stepped in a poodle."

MIGHT AS WELL

Adams and Eve were naming the animals of the earth when along came the rhinoceros.

Adam: "What'll we call this one, Eve?"

Eve: "Let's call it a rhinoceros."

Adam: "Why a rhinoceros?"

Eve: "Because it looks more like a rhinoceros than anything we've named yet."

491

?

Hattie: "What's worryin' you, Hank?"

Hank: I was wondering' if Dad would see to the milkin' while we was on our honey moon, supposin' you was to say yes if I was to ask you."

RIGHT

Bud Nelson: "Tell the class what you know about nitrates."

Hardrock: "I don't know much about them, but I do know that they're cheaper than day rates."

491

"Didn't you claim when you sold me this car that you would replace anything that was broken or missing?"

"Yes, sir. What is it?"

"Four front teeth and a broken collarbone."

"Stop me IF You've heard this one"

TWELVE LI'L BOTTLES.

I had twelve bottles of whisky in my cellar and my wife made me empty the contents of each and every bottle down the sink, so I proceeded to do as my wife desired and withdrew the cork from the first bottle, poured the contents down the sink with the exception of one glass, which I drank.

I extracted the cork from the third bottle, emptied the good ol' booze down the bottle, except a glass, which I drank.

I pulled the cork from the fourth sink and puured the bottle down the glass when I drank some.

I pulled the bottle from the cork of the next and drank one sink out of it and threw the rest down the bottle.

I pulled the sink out of the next cork and poured the bottle down the sink, all but one sink, which I drank.

I pulled the cork from my throat and pured the sink down the bottle and drank the cork.

When I had them all empty and steadied the house with one hand and counted the bottles, which were twenty-four, so I counted the bottles, which were still twenty four, so counted them again, and I had seventy-four and as the houses came around I counted them and finally I had all the houses and bottles counted and I proceeded to wash the bottles but I couldn't get the brush in the bottles, so I turned them inside out and washed and wipod them all, and went upstairs and told my other half what I had did, and oh boy! I've got the wifest li'l nice in all the world.

Figure it out.

19 ALL AMERICAN 38

The time has rolled around to that season of the year when all sportswriters pick their All American Football teams. The Sports department of this newspaper has carefully studdied the various teams all over the country, has seen the leading teams play, and has chosen the following players for the All American team:

Left end Homer Sedberry From 491 Warrenton, Ore.
His defensive work in the Warrenton game , his pass catching in both the crucial Warrenton and Stewell games netted the necessary yardage and points to enable 491 to win the right to represent the West in the Washbowl game. His tackling and pass defense work gives him the nod over Wyatt of Tnnessee and Holland, of Cornell.

Left tackle: Beinor, Notre Dame.

Left Guard: Harry Smith, USC.

Center: Paul Fenner 491 Warrenton, Oregon.
His savage rushing of opponents when they had the ball earned for Fenner his All American rating. He was down on all punts like a flash, and very few gains were made through his position, center. He was good on knocking down or intercepting short passes over center, and also caught his share of them for long gains. He nosed out Dan Hill of Duke by a narrow bit.

Right guard: Haikkenen, Michigan.

Right tackle: Clarence (Pop) Bolt. 491 Warrenton, Oregon
This lad played a vicious game all the way through the season. Hemissed no tackles, was at his best in a watery or muddy field, and caught many passes on the tackle-end play. Cool, sure of himself, he stopped many tackle slashes, taking out two or three men of the opposition out at the same time. Played every minute of every game. A great athlete and a great player.

Right end. Billy Mitchell 491 Warrenton, Oregon.
A small, tough, compact little rascal, but he slashed in on every play and most of the times threw the opponent for losses before they could get started. Little yardage was made around his end of the line, and he tackledmany an opponent from the back as he was going around the other side of the line. A good punter, a sure placekicker, and a good blocker. He gets the call over Woolf, of Santa Clara.

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EDUCATION

WHY NOT?

When the new semester begins in January, why don't most, or all of the lads get into some class, or take up some subject or list of subjects that will make them better able to get and hold a job when they leave camp?

We can fix you up, if you want to spend the time, with several fields of endeavor and trade, but first of all, you must put in the time.

This same schooling outside will cost you money, and no doubt a lot of you will spend the money later, when you see how it pays to know something along these lines, the same things you can get here free of charge.

All you have to have is the determination to succeed, and enough stuff in you to attend the classes when they are scheduled.

Why not?

MR. COLE'S DRAMA GROUP

is one of the best he has had, he says, and he has had some good ones. They're really learning their parts and are eager to show the public just how good they are.

Nice going, Mr. Cole and the lads.

TWO OF THE BEST

of the shorthand students are Frank Cain and Shorty Harmon.

FOR REAL DETERMINATION

you can't beat the group that Mrs. Raymond has. They really put in the hours.

SUPPOSE SO.

Mrs. Strite: "Where are the kings of England crowned?"

Goon Helton: "On their heads."

THE SCS COURSES

which are offered each Friday morning are one of the most popular and one of the most beneficial of the many courses offered here in 491.

Whether you plan to use it later in some branch of the SCS work, or for your own benefit, or for any kind of a job where you need this knowledge, it really is a fine thing to know.

It's just another tool to carve a little more money out of this world for yourself, if the chance ever comes up. It may not be next year, or the next, but if you're ready when the time comes, you're not wasting time on any of the courses offered here in camp.

The U.S. Government is getting more and more interested in conserving the soil and the other natural resources of this great nation, and the SCS is one of the most important departments concerndd.

TYPING

is one of the largest classes we have going at the present time, and judging from the work they turn out, Mr. Cole is really teaching them what it takes.

PHOTOGRAPHY

conducted by Mr. Easton is truly turning out some good amateur photographers. Gock, Cox, Tate, Butch Bailey, Dismukes, and some of the rookies are good at it.

Chapter II
WHO HAUNTS HANK HORSECOLLARS HOUSE?

----Continued from last issue:

The darkness took off as Hank lit the fire, and as he started to turn, his leg kicked the leg of the stove, and crash, bang! down came the stovepipe. Ashes and soot and sparks flew all over the corner of the house, still dark. The door leading to the basement that was slowly opening in the last installment of this super-something or tother closed slowly as the smoke and soot filled the air.

Hank stood there in the darkness for a spell, inhaling the smoke.

"Gosh, I musta got into m' smokehouse instead of M' house when I come in. Oh, well, guess I'll git a ham an' take it to th' house and cook my stomach up a batch o' ham an' beans," he told himself, and he felt up in the air where he though a ham should be, in a smokehouse, but he could feel no ham.

"I don't git it," he mumbled thickly through the smoke. "I had four nice hams here this mornin'." He waved around and around in the darkness for about five minutes, when he said:

"Horsecollar, you've been robbed, an' it's time t' call the sheriff," and he started for the door. He saw the dull gleam of the telephone and he started toward it.

The black shape that was slowly opening the door that would have let itself into the kitchen quietly shut the door when the stovepipe fell and was now crouching just behind it, one hand in a pocket clutching something, its eyes burning, from smoke, maybe, but nevertheless burning. Hank found the 'phone and started ringing for central, Amanda Axelgrease, old maid. The house was as dark as a tomb, with a wee bit more smoke in it than most tombs have, and it was getting smokier with each twist of the telephone crank.

"Hello, Amandy? Say, this is Hank Horsecollar, out at Skunk Hollow. I've been robbed."

"Well, what do you want me to do about it, you corn-skimmins inhaler?" snapped Amanda. "Besides, you ain't got enough of nothin' t' git robbed. What's missin'?"

Behind Hank the door was half open, and the sinister shape was gliding phantom-like through it into the room.

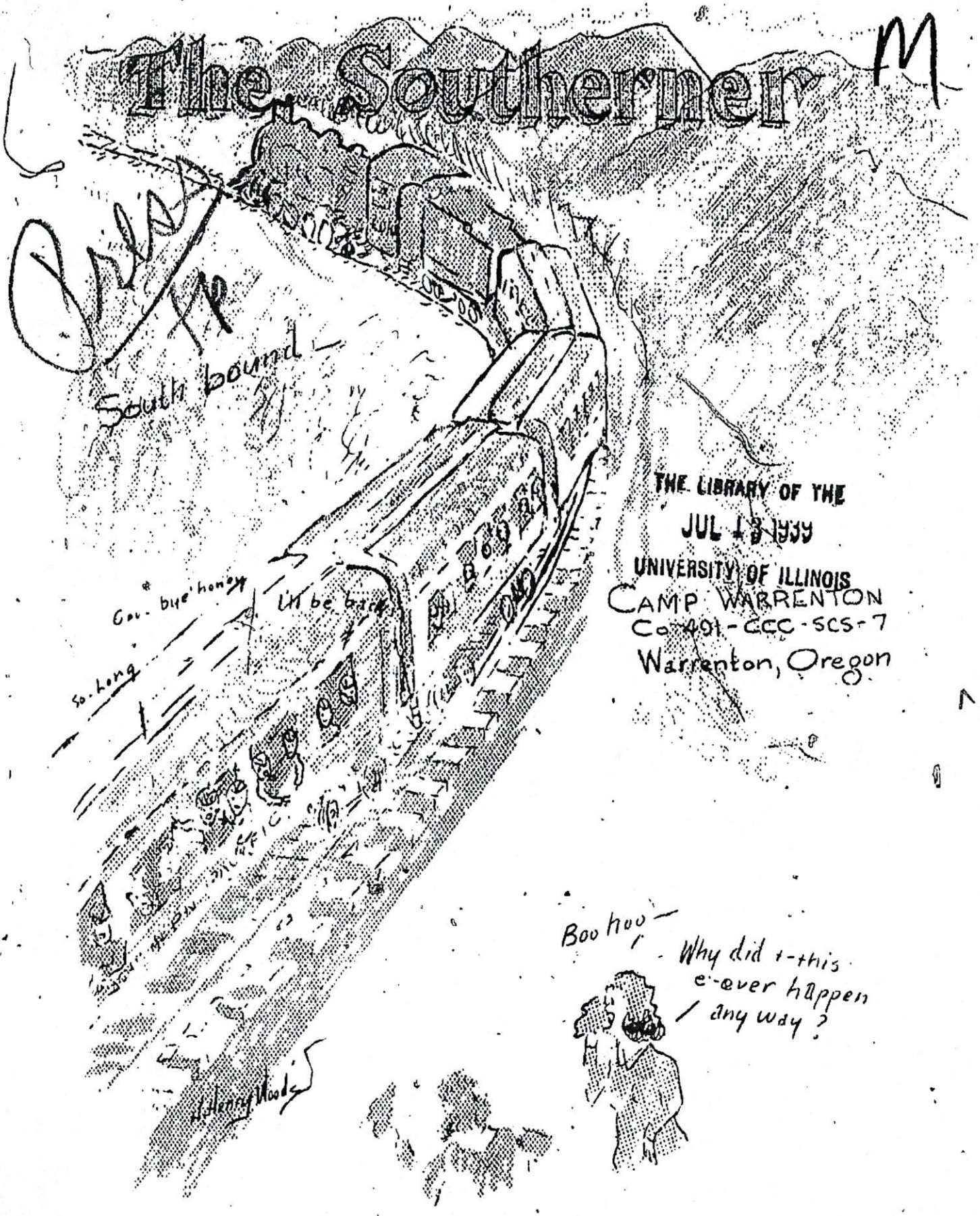
"I'm missin' all m' hams. I'm in the smokehouse now an' I can't find nothin' but smoke."

"You're in th' smokehouse now?" echoed Amanda Axelgrease. "You must be a gittin' purty snooty t' have a telyphone in yer smokehouse," she snapped and hung up. Then she took down the receiver and snapped again: "You red-nosed drunken thing," and hung up.

"Wh-what?" said Hank. Then it dawned on him that he must be in the house. At about that time, the pale moon that had been hiding behind a cloud broke out with a shower of moonbeams that lighted up the interior of Hank's cabin almost as much as Hank was lighted up, and showed the hideous black thing in the middle of the room, slowly stealing up on Hank. Hank Horsecollar hung up the receiver, and as he did, the phantom shape glided swiftly back through the door from which it had come.

"Guess I'll go down in the basement an' git some firewood to boost up th' fire a bit," muttered Hank, and started for the door behind which crouched the murderous mysterious thing in black.

The Southerner



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CAMP WARRENTON
Co-491-CCC-SCS-7
Warrenton, Oregon

A D M I N I S T R A T I O N
CCC CO 491 SCS-07

Lt. John B. Parrott
Commanding Officer

Lt. Stephen M. Byars
Junior Officer

Lt. Alexander McLean
Junior Officer

Dr. Joseph McConnell
Contract Surgeon

Mr. Ivan W. Ginther
Educational Adviser

Mr. Garry L. Briggs
Project Superintendent

Gordon Donley
Conservationist

Montague Easton
Junior Forester

Willard McLaughlin
Range Examiner

Walter Hereth
Engineer

Fred Hensley
Foreman

George Tobin
Foreman

Bryson Lauson
Foreman

Larry Ober
Foreman

Tom G. Davis
Junior Assistant

Vernon Hamlin
SCS Clerk

Robert Brown
Nursery Manager

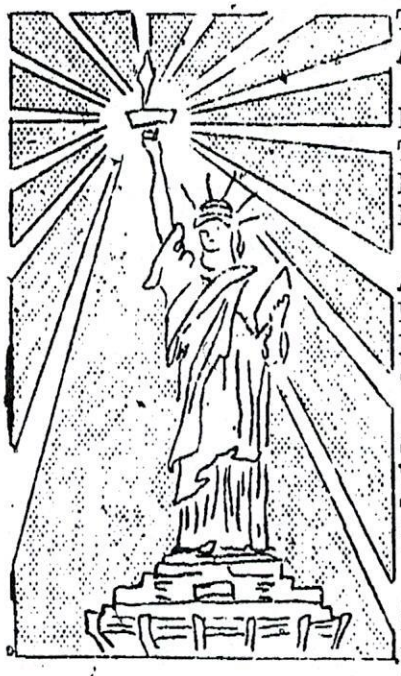
Robert O'Kane
Nurseryman

Lloyd G. Walker
Nurseryman

Warrenton, Oregon

March, 1939

By permission of Mr. Earl L. Gould of Astoria, we publish the poem below for which we thank him:



As I sit with watching eyes
Gazing out across the sea.
Wondering of the troubling countries
And why all this must be.

Women and children starving
As they stumble down the street
With clothes torn and ragged
And know not where they will reach.

Babies in their Mother's arms
Or as she tugs them by the hand
They're all weak and weary
As they struggle through this warring land.

But onward they must venture
To a war that seems will never end
Facing death and starvation
For which its hard to understand.

Airplanes roaring above them
Dealing death with every blow
Leaving the dead and bleeding
On the land they called their home.

So, people in this land of ours
Will kindly give a thought
That peace in our loving Country
Is something that can't be bought

So, with the aid of our President
Let us all join hands.
And pray to God in heaven
For peace and good-will toward man.

-Earl L. Gould

THE SOUTHERNER

Published semi-monthly by the Educational Department of Co. 491 CCC, Camp Warrenton, Warrenton, Oregon.

Staff

Ivan Ginther	Editor-in-Chief
Earl Houston	Editor
Charlie Price	Sports Editor
Henry Woods	Art Editor
Elmer Farrell	Reporter
Ralph Bailey	Reporter
William Sedberry	Reporter
Charles Alford	Reporter
Fred Bozeman	Reporter
Roy Moses	Reporter

***

This is the last issue of THE SOUTHERNER to be published by the present editorial staff. As editor of THE SOUTHERNER for the past ten months and of the WEST WINDS prior to that, I wish to say in this, my last editorial, that both Mr. Ginther and myself greatly appreciate the hearty cooperation of the staff in helping to make this one of the best camp papers in the district. I wish to thank each of you for your efforts in journalism that have given several editions of the paper a three-star rating by HAPPY DAYS, the national CCC publication, published at Washington, D.C. A mark of journalistic excellence.

I only hope that my successor will find as much enjoyment in editing this publication as I have, and I am certain that he will find Mr. Ginther, the Camp Educational Adviser and Editor-in-Chief of THE SOUTHERNER, a very pleasant and aggreable person with whom to work.

THE EDITOR

The parting of the ways is now nearing for me as well as for twenty-six others who arrived with me at Camp Warrenton on the night of October 15, 1937. Some of the fellows I will probably never see again, but it is my heart's sincere desire that our paths will somewhere, somehow, cross again, and I will again meet face-to-face each and every one of the fellows that I have known for the past two years that I have spent in the Civilian Conservation Corps. I wish every one of them "bon voyage" as they sail the Sea of Life, and remember fellows, that the going will be rough at times, but you will have smooth-sailing also, and that if you steer straight and keep on an even keel, you will not sink, and you will find a welcome in every port.

I was enrolled in the Civilian Conservation Corps on January 7, 1937 at New Tazewell, Tennessee where I spent the first nine months of my enrollment. The last seventeen months I have spent right here at good ol' Camp Warrenton. I feel that I have made many friends during the twenty-six months I have spent in the CCC, and I treasure each of these friendships very highly.

I will be honorably discharged from the Civilian Conservation Corps on March 31 at Camp Beauregard, Louisiana after which I will immediately depart for my own state, Tennessee. After a few days there with relatives and friends, I expect to return to Oregon to accept a position in civilian employment.

Earl H. Houston

FROM THE COMMANDING OFFICER

Well, fellows, pretty soon there will be some heavy hearts, some tear-filled eyes and some fond farewells here at Camp Warrenton. Pretty soon that Old Train will be blowing for Dixie, and it will carry with it ninety-two of the swellest fellows I have ever known. My heart will be the heaviest, I'm sure, my eyes will be the fullest, and I am certain that no man will dread to say "Farewell" more than I.

Some of you fellows have been out here a year and some but six months, but I feel that I have known you much longer. You have been faithful, and I appreciate the fact that you have fallen in line with those that have been here longer and have made this camp more desirable. When you go back there to your mothers, sweethearts, loved ones and friends, just remember I am glad to have had you here, glad to say about you, "He is a Southern gentleman from my country;" I'll miss you when you're gone, and I'll wish you were back.

There are twenty-seven of you fellows that boarded the train at New Tazewell, Tennessee on Monday morning, October 11, 1o37, headed for Warrenton, Oregon, who will be boarding it again on the Road Back. Twenty seven "SOUTHERNERS from the good ole Hills of Tennessee and North Carolina" who have stuck it out through the rain and mist; twenty-seven men I am proud of, proud to call men from Dixie. You had a hard time when we first came here, you worked under conditions you had never been accustomed to, you stood the test and I am proud of you, every single man of you. I could not ask for a finer group of men, and I could never get a bunch who would stand by me like you have, a loyal, trustworthy group of real Hill Billies, and I am proud to be one of you. We will have replacements, but never any that can fill your places in my heart. When you leave I want yoj to know that I am your friend and I want every man of you to feel the same way toward me.

Every night I sit and think of the good times I have had with this company, and I dread for the time to come when I shall have to lose ninety-five men that can never be replaced. I think of little incidents that have happened with each of you, think of times when I have had to give you punishment for things I might have done had I been in your place. It does my heart good to think that in all my dealings with you mot a single man has ever failed to take his medicine like a man, and when you get out in the outside world you can make the grade while others, that have not been the men you have proven, will falter and finally fail. Keep it up, men, stick to your guns, and you will wind up on top. One of these days I'll probably see some of you back home, and if you see me, and I don't happen to see you, I will consider it an honor if you'll speak to me, and then we'll have a good chat about our days out here in the wild and woolly west. I've enjoyed being one of you; I shall never forget a single one of you, and in the years to come may Happiness, Prosperity and good health be yours, and I hope and pray that our paths may again cross.

Your sincere friend,

John B. Parrott

JOHN B. PARROTT, 1st Lt CA - Res
Commanding Co. 491 CCC

SPORTS

DISTRICT CHAMPIONS!

The week-end of March 9-11, 1939, coaches Lt. John B. Parrott and EA Ivan W. Ginther took a small squad of 7 fighting Southerners to Vancouver Barracks to play for the District Basketball Championship. The 7 were Steve Stephenson, Chick Munn, Austin Smith, Mississippi Wilson, Pop Bolt, Doc Sedberry and Sam Geck.

Friday morning the teams paired off as follows: Hemlock played Elkton and won; Arboretum played Reehers and won, and 491 played Redmond and won.

In the afternoon, Hemlock drew a bye, and 491 played Arboretum and won, 38-20. Then, on Saturday afternoon, Warrenton played Hemlock for the championship and won, 40-34, in an overtime period.

In the first game Mississippi Wilson was high point man with 11 counters, for our team, closely followed by Smith with 9. The gym had a very low ceiling and Steve couldn't get in his long high shots, the ones that made him high point man in the Astoria City League.

Summary:

Warrenton				Redmond
Smith, Austin	9	F	7	Grigsby
Munn	2	F	6	Burke
Stephenson	6	C	4	Melton
Wilson	11	G	6	Hyde
Bolt	2	G	1	Guthrie
		S		Ross
		S		Bury
	30		24	

Referee: Captain Hopkins.

In the second game we were not bothered a lot by the Arboretum team which had beaten Reehers that morning. They were a good crowd of sports, taking the loss of the game in real sportsmanlike fashion.

It was Austin Smith that kept us in the tournament in this game, with his expert shooting, pouring through 14 points for high point honors, and when they were really needed. Pop Bolt got in his favorite shot, a swishimg howitzer that never touches anything but the net as it goes through, as he did in each of the three games. It's a treat to see Pop poise, aim and let that ball fly, and then to see the expression on his face as it goes through.

Close checking by all the lads in this game was responsible for the win, for Arboretum had a couple of very fast men that went to town that morning, but against Pop and Mississippi they could do little scoring.

Summary:

Warrenton				Arboretum
A. Smith	14	F	2	Hughes
Munn	8	F	7	Millen
Stephenson	6	C	4	Price
Wilson	8	G	3	Morrison
Bolt	2	G	2	Eversun
		S	2	Seese
	38		20	

Referee: Captain Hopkins.

In the last game, the championship affair, we really had to fight. Camp Hemlock really has a good team. The game opened with Chick missing a perfect set-up on our tip-off play, and with Hemlock taking the lead, then losing it. However, at the half it stood 16-13, their favor. During the third quarter they forged ahead until the score stood 32-24. It

OUR CONGRATULATIONS to Gordon Donly, who recently got married. We're planning on charivaring him this week sometime.

At any rate, best wishes and the best of luck to the happy couple.

CHAPLAIN FOLEY from Vancouver Barracks, honored us with a visit Tuesday, March 14, and brought with him a tie-holder with a couple of basketball players inscribed on it, for each of the seven players who played at Vancouver, and one for Lt. Farrott.

These are awards for winning the District Championship last week, and each one of the players will prize it all of his life.

491

THE SERVICES held each Sunday afternoon in The Auditorium are quite popular with the lads of 491. Reverend Dennis, who conducts the services, is from Astoria.

---CCC---

MR. BOWEN, Direct from Director Fechner's Office, paid us a visit recently and was very much pleased with the camp in general. He told us it was one of the best camps in the U.S. and we think he's right.

491

NEW WALKS FOR 491

As soon as Butch Bailey and First Sarge Farrell can haul the lumber here, we're going to have new sidewalks all over 491. Haroo.

NEW TRUCK DRIVER on the OD affair is Charles Alford, who is now stooging for Butch Bailey. He passed his test in the Post and is really double-clutching the automobile.

CCC

NEW CANTEEN STEWARD is also in effect now, one Herman Bailey, at present stooging for Roy (Fat) Moses.

And, while we're at it, Austin Smith is the new AEA, stooging for Billy Sunday Houston.

Pease is now in The Infrimary, stooging for Doc Sedberry.

Durham is in the Supply Room, learning from I-and-I Prewitt the many bits of paper work needed there.

491

LARRY OBER and his crew are now tearing down the sawmill shacks near the Spike Camp site and moving them to another spot, where the Spike Camp will be located. Part of the crew is building road leading to the new SpikeCamp.

491

HANK WOODS is going and we wish to thank him at this time for all the art work he so willingly turned out for The Southerner and the camp in general.

CCC

GOODBYE AND GOOD LUCK to Lt. Stephen Byars, who is going back to Dixie on a troop train. He made a lot of friends in the company while here, and we all wish him the best of luck.

SPORTS continued

wwas then that the fighting spirit of the south started coming out, and we started hitting. Mississippi Wilson dropped in two nice ones to bring the score to 32-28, and also to bring back hope to the rest of the team. Then Chick looped in one to make it 32-30, and Steve tied it with a long one, to make it 32-32.

The crowd was wild, and then with a few minutes to go, Smith passed one to Steve who scored to make it 34-32. Mississippi went out on fouls in the last part of the third quarter and Sam Geck went in. All this time every one of the team was fighting with all they had left, and the game seesawed into the last quarter and as the game ended, Hemlock sunk one to tie it up.

After a minute rest they went at it again. Geck had fouled out and Sedberry had gone in to replace him. The tip-off play went to Sedberry, who, covered by two players, whipped it to Chick, who just barely got it, and who was also covered by a man but who knew he had to make it. He dropped it in to put us in the lead by two points. It was the same play he missed at the start of the game, but it counted now.

At about that time Sedberry probably saved the game for us, for they had a man in the clear under their basket and one of their men threw it to him, but Sedberry went up in the air almost to the ceiling and knocked it down and passed it to Steve. Steve dropped it in to put us ahead four points.

If they had made that one, the score would have been tied again and no telling what would have happened.

The crowd was hysterical and crazy about this time, and three of our boosters, Hoppy, Butch and Elmore went outside, not being able to stand it.

Hemlock came back with all they had to try to catch up, but close checking by the entire five, Pop, Steve, Doc, Smith and Chick saved the day.

Steve was playing with a badly hurt knee, Pop was all beat up, Chick's ankle was hurting badly, but they wanted that trophy that was sitting over there on the table on the sidelines.

Steve ended it all with another potted shot to put us 6 points in the lead as the siren ended the wild affair.

The credit for the winning of the last game goes to Steve, Pop, Mississippi, Geck, Sedberry, Smith, and Chick, who fought with every bit of spirit they had, and with some they didn't have, but which they had to call on from somewhere, the spirit to win for good old 491.

Hemlock had one real player; they had three good ones, but a redhead named Martin, who caged 19 points, to almost put his team in the win position, and might have, if it hadn't been for the checking of Austin Smith in the last quarter.

Summary:

Warrenton				Hemlock
Smith		F	7	Kramer
Munn	9	F	19	Martin
Stephenson	17	C	2	Brummit
Wilson	10	G	7	Staley
Bolt	4	G		King
Geck		S		
Sedberry		S		
	40		34	

Referee: Captain (blind man) Hopkins

491

ALL STARS

were chosen from the six teams, and 491 had two on it, Steve Stephenson and Mississippi Wilson. Congratulations.

INCIDENTALLY

AN INTERESTING SIDELIGHT

in all the basketball games played this year, both in the Astoria and Seaside Leagues and the CCC League, including the championship playOff, is this list of the lads and their total scores for the season, 45 games in all:

James (Steve) Stephenson	635
Lamar (Mississippi) Wilson	501
Charley (Chick) Munn	318
Clarence (Pop) Bolt	175
Austin Smith	159
Sam (Trailer) Geck	39
Homer (Doc) Sedberry	5
	1832

SO,

we bid Aloha to a wonderful basketball season, a season in which all of us played together, won together without boasting, lost together without moaning, always keeping in mind that a thoroughbred looks just as good in defeat as in victory.

We won't be together next season, so from the EA and the CO, coaches, many many thanks for the fine sportsmanship you seven always showed, the fine way in which you took wins and losses and the fundamentals we in our poor way tried to teach you.

We can always look back on this season as one of the most successful seasons we could ever hope to experience not only in basketball but also in friendships formed in the sweat and excitement of a basketball season.

So long, you fighting seven, may we meet again.

SOFTBALL

will soon be in the air around these here parts and from the looks of the lads tossing that old apple around we'll again have another good team, as good, or better, we hope, as the team that tied for the championship in the Astoria Town Teague last summer.

The rookies should have a few good players to put on the squad.

and

BASEBALL

will soon be upon us, and a few words of caution are in order at this time.

Don't throw a ball hard or as far as you can throw one until you've been throwing a ball each day for at least three weeks.

If you don't heed these words you'll have a wurra wurra sore arm all season. This will make a poorer player out of you than if you had a good arm to offer to the team.

491

FAT MOSES

was talking in the Ed Shacke about how cheaper shows were out here compared to back home and the lads were arguing that it wasn't so, and Fat said he was right. Pop Bolt piped up, "Yes, but look where you live, then Chahlie piped up, "If you all want to see some good shows, come on over into Georgia sometime," and went on, "One show's got a rug that goes up to your neck when you walk on it," and Trailer Geck piped up, "Did you say mud?" and it went on and on from there while the sports editor was trying to turn out this sheet. More fun.

HUMOR We hope

TSK TSK.

A young lady visiting camp went up to Fat Moses in the canteen and asked:

"Have you any Lifebuoy?"

"Set the pace, lady," said Fat, "set the pace."

491

SCOTCH?

"My good fellow, how is it that you have a picture of only one of your twins?"

"Well, what's the diffenence? They both look alike."

Prof: "We offer a good course in foreing relations."

Rookie: "Not interested. All my folks live right here in the United States."

491

RESPECT.

June had just received a beautiful skunk coat from Fred.

"Isn't it pretty?" she said, "I can't see how such wonderful furs come from such a low, foul-smelling beast."

"I don't ask you to thank me for it, but I do insist on respect," Fred told her.

491

Mrs. Strite: "If Julius Caeser were alive today, would he be as famous as he was?"

Goon: "Sure, he'd be famous for his old age."

CCC

"I'm expectin' a air mail letter, Tom, So I rigged up a box on top of the silo."

EASILY SETTLED.

First soak: "I found (hic) a half dollar."

Second soak: "Itsh mine, itsh got my name on it."

"Whatsh your name?"

"E Pluribus Unum."

"Yeah, itsh yoursh."

491

POOR LAWRENCE.

"Boy, I'm scared," said Lawrence Bogeman. "I just got a letter from a man telling me he'd shoot me if I didn't stay away from his daughter."

"Well," said Chahlie, "all you have to do is stay away from his daughter."

"Yeah, but he didn't sign his name."

CCC

Billy: "I wish I had talent. I'm just itching to write."

Austin Smith: "Well, why don't you sit down and try scratching a little?"

HANK HORSECOLLAR'S WEDDIN' DAY

It wuz Hank Horsecollar's weddin' day, an' all Skunkcabbage Hollow wuz dressin' up fer th' big occasion. But Hank wuz outdoin' 'em all, fer ho'd gotten up bright an'early, as he promised Hattie Horseradish, his Skunkcabbage Hollow bride, he wuz goin' t' do th' night afore. He slopped his forty hogs, chased th' buzzards an' crows outa th' backyard, gotten his store clothes outa th' root cellar, shined up his button shoes, an' wuz all set t' take off t' Miss Horseradishe's.

Over at th' Horseradishes, Miss Hattie wuz busy pickin' ducks. She hadn't got ready fer th' big affair, an' wuz graduallly gettin' th' important things, like duck-pickin', (she figgered Hank'd need a feather piller that winter) feedin' th' calves, an' such stuff as that, done. She looked up in time t' see Hank comin' down th' road, walkin' knda fast-and-mad-like. This wuz somethin' different fer Hank, who never walked faster'n a porcupine on a hot day, unless he wuz mad.....Hank er the porky, take yer choice.

He cum right up t' Hattie where she wuz pickin' ducks.

"Why, Hank, y' seem troubled, an' yer store clothes is all messed up, an' they're all wet! Wut happened, Hank?"

"Oh, lots of stuff, Hattie," he told her. Soon's Hattie showed an interestin his store clothes Hank took things a wee bit less seriously. But he went on, "Uncle Jake, Aunt Fanny, Cousin Clinch jes' had a fight."

"Oh, Hank, y' did. About me, m' darlin'?"

"No, Hattie, m' honeycake, not about you."

"Tell me, Hank, whut wuz it about?", an' she laid a half-picked duck down on th' washboard, which wuz handy.

"Aw, they wanted me t' take a bath before I put on m' store clothes, th' muttonheads, an' I wouldn't do ut. Whut do they think this is, election year, er somethin'?"

"An' did y' take yer bath, Hank, like they wantod y' to?"

"Wal, not like they wanted me t', but I took one. They threw me in th' waterin' trough in th' barnyard. I wouldn't a-minded thet, but Flossie, m' favorite colt, wuz drinkin' at th' time, an' how can I look her in th' face from now on? Takin' a bath. Pooey. She won't have any more respeak fer me now than a pole cat." He snorted.

"Oh, Hank, y' shouldn't mind takin' a bath. But is that all there's wrong?"

"Wal, no. Cousin Clinch ain't a-comin' t' th' weddin'."

"Why not, Hank?"

"Wal, y' see, it's this way. Uncle Jake wuz gonna butcher thet big sow we been savin' fer somethin' special like election year, er somebody gittin' married, er somethin' like thet, an' y' know how Jake butchers------he shoots th' hog from th' fence, an' then climbs over an' sticks 'er....."

"Yes, Hank, go on."

"Wal, Uncle Jake's sight ain't like it used t' be, an' he went t' th' pen with his rifle an shot at th' sow, only it wuzn't th' sow."

"No, Hank?"

"No, Hattie. Cousin Clinch made th' mistake uv goin' into th' pig pen without his hat on, an' Uncle Jake mistook him fer th' sow, an' shot him."

"Where'd he hit him, Hank?"

"There between th' fence an' th' trough."

"No, Hank, I mean, wuz he hit very bad?".

"Jes' grazed his haid a little. He'll pull through. It wuz close, though, cuz Uncle ake went over t' cut his throat after he fell, an' he noticed th' blue shirt on him. Thet's all thet saved him."

"Uncle Jake better get glasses, Hank."

"Yeah." He looked at th' ducks."Wat's them fer?"

"Fer t' can, after th' weddin', fer this winter, Hank", an' Hattie blushed.

"Thet's right sweet uv y', Hattie, m' hummin' bird. But hadn't we better get goin'? I'd kinda like t' git back b'fore dinnor. Aunt Fanny's cookin' some cracklin's, an' y' know how I likem' cracklin's, Hattie. An' I should jug up thet last batch of corn this afternoon, too."

"All right, Hank," Hattie said sweetly. "I'll go in an' change m' shoes an' bonnett an' I'll be right out. Oh, Hank, how're we goin' t' get t' church?"

"I though we'd take yer horse an' cart, Hattie, cuz I loaned m' team t' neighbor McGuffy fer th' day. I thought y' could hitch yer horse up in a little bit o' time, anyway."

"I kin, Hank, an' I'll be right glad t' do it. I won't be a minnit."

A little later, with Hattie drivin', they pulled up in front of th' little Skunkcabbage Hollow church. All ov th' th' Hollow, wuz there, from th' sheriff down t' th' dog catcher, who averaged one dog a year fer th' last fourteen years, an' they all cheered when Hank an' Hattie druv up. Hank wuz beamin' somethin' awful. His rod nose wuz shinin' somethin' awful, while Hattie wuz blushin' sorta proud-like, sorta scared- like. Hank jumped out when th' horse stopped, an' Hattie tied th' lines around th' whip an' managed somehow t' get down, an' Hank politley took her arm an' took off for th' church door, th' natives all a yellin', an' whistlin' an' a hollerin'. Horse-trough water slosh-sloshed in his yellow button shoes as he walked along, but he didn't pay any attention to it, y' could tell th' way he held his head he didn't.

Th' preacher wuz a little late, for he'd been out huntin' without a licanse an' had t' sneak into town th' back way. But he finally showed up an' things wuz linin' up right smart like. Hank wuz clownin' around, an' had taken th' ring out, th' one he'd bought from Slinky Sam at th' corner store th' day afore for a dollar, an' wuz tryin' it on. He got it on his little finger an' tried t' take it off, but it stuck.

"Hey, Hattie, ye'll have t' marry me, 'stead-a me a-marryin' you, cuz I got this ring on m' little finger an' I can't git it off. Haw haw, that's a good one."

And so it cum to pass, after a almost riot in th' church

when they tried t' tell Hank he wuzn't th' best man when he thought he wuz, Hank Horsecollar an' Hattie Horseradish wuz made one, an' they drove back t' Hank's place, Hank drivin', t' makeit in time fer dinner, t' get some cracklin's that Hank liked so well.

Th' bride wore a faded blue gingham bonnet, a prune-jam colored flannel waist, coupled with a brown dress, black stockins and black high button shoes.

-----An' who knows, someday y' might see a little Horsecollar or two hangin' around Skunkcabbage Hollow?

SIGN IN SKUNKCABBAGE HOLLOW BARBER SHOP:

HAIRCUTS:

With soup bowl	10¢
With gravy bowl	15¢
With hat	20¢

ccc

A FEUD

is on between th' clerk at the corner store, where they sell everythin' from pills t' horse shoes, an' the husband, the fourth one, of Mrs. Samanthy Crowfoot. Seems as if Mrs. Crowfoot went in t' buy some shoes, and she wuz describin' whut she wanted t' the clerk.

"I want them newfangled one's like they have in th' Skunkcabbage mornin' paper, The Mornin' Gimlet."

"Wut kind is that?"

"Wal, they ain't got no straps across th' front, an' no heels in 'em."

"Wal, you don't need a heel anyways, Samanthy, fer you've got yer husband."

About that time something that looked like a flower pot hit him on the head, the lady took off in a huff, and the feud is now on.

SINCE THEY BEEN

talkin' about Hiram Horsecollar's trouble with his house bein' haunted or something, ghosts and the like are all they talk about in the Hollow. A guy walked up to the village drunkard, Chahlie McSoak, and asked him:

"Are you superstitious of spirits?"

"Heck, no," said Chahlie, "I'll drink anything."

CHINK CHECKERS,

that game that only grownups has 'nuff sense t' play, has hit The Hollow. It almost started a riot over at th' widder Hawkins th' other night. The widder had been winnin' all th' time, an' old Jake Perkins, glass eye an' all, wuz playin', an' like the rest of 'em, thought she wuz cheatin', movin' three or four marbles with her wrist, underneath side, when she went t' reach over th' board t' move. Old Jake put his glass eye into th' game when no one else wuz lookin', an' he put a marble in his eye. He claimod th' eye saw the widder slide three or four of her marbles up a few notches when she'd reach 'way accross th' board fer a move, an' told her so. She hit old Jake over th' head with th' board, checkers an' all.

Jake went home. Now he's in th' market fer a new glass eye.

THIS IS A SPECIAL FAVOR, one we very seldom dish out, but here goes, the names and words of two songs that are quite all right.

HILL BILLY WEDDING IN JUNE.

There'll be a hillbilly wedding in June,
For me the bells can't be ringing too soon,
The preacher man will be there,
With a maiden so fair,
At the hillbilly wedding in June.

As we walk down the aisle,
The band will play "Oh, promise me,"
And my Ma and my Pa will say "Good luck" to me,
We'll be so happy beneath the lovin'moon,
At the hillbilly wedding in June.

EASTER PARADE.

In your Easter bonnet, with all the frills upon it,
You'll be the grandest lady in the Easter parade,
I'll be all in clover, and when they look you over
I'll be the proudest fellow in the Easter parade.
On the Avenue, Fifth Avenue,
The photographers will snap us,
And you'll find that you're in the rotogravure,
I could write a sonnet,
About your Easter bonnet,
And of the girl I'm taking to the Easter parade.

IN OLD MONTEREY

I left her in Monterey, a long time ago,
I left her in Monterey, in old Mexico,
Stars and steel guitars and ruby lips as red as wine,
Broke somebody's heart and I'm afraid that it was mine;
I left her in Monterey without saying goodbye,
I left her and throw away the key to Paradise,
My indiscreet heart longs for the sweetheart
That I left in old Monterey.

There you are, and we hope it makes you happy.

RIVIERA THEATER

REVIEW FOR THE INFORMATION OF THE MOVIE FANS OF CAMP WARRENTON.

Sun.-Wed., Mar. 5 to 8.

NEWSBOY'S HOME with Jackie Cooper, Little Tough Guys, THE LONG SHOT; Marian Marsh, and Gordon Jones.

***

Thurs.-Sat., Mar. 9 to 11
NANCY DREW, REPORTER with Bonita Granville and John Litel. Story of a high school journalist (Bonita Granville) who proves a convicted girl's innocence. Very good. Also-
COME ON RANGER with Roy Rogers and Mary Hart.

***

Sun.-Wed., Mar. 12 to 15
STORM OVER BENGAL with Patric Knowles and Rochelle Hudson. Very good. plus-
SOCIETY SMUGGLERS with Preston Foster and Irene Harvey Very good.

***

Thurs.-Sat., Mar. 16 to 18
INSIDE STORY with Michael Whalen and Jean Rogers. Good. Plus-
ORPHANS OF THE STREET with Robert Livingston, June Storey, and Tommy Ryan.

***

Sun.-Wed., Mar. 19 to 22
PRIDE OF THE NAVY with James Dunn and Rochelle Hudson. Excellent. Plus-
BEAUTY FOR THE ASKING with Lucille Ball and Donald Woods. Very good.

***

Thurs.-Sat., Mar. 23 to 25
PERSONS IN HIDING with Lynne Overman and Patricia Morrison. Very good. Plus-
STARLIGHT OVER TEXAS with Tex Ritter.

***

Sun.-Wed., Mar. 26 to 29
RISKY BUSINESS with George Murphy and Dorothea Kent. Very good. Plus-
MYSTERY OF MR. WONG with Boris Karloff and Dorothy Tree. Excellent.

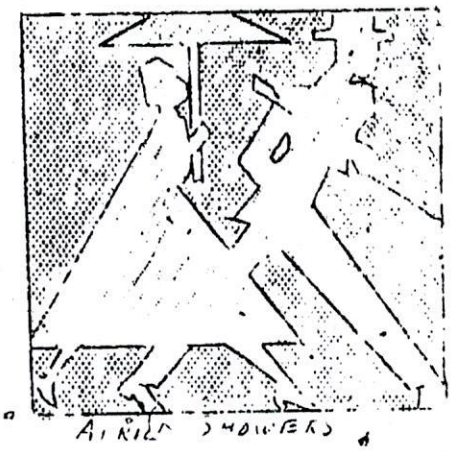
***

Thurs.-Sat., Mar. 30 to Apr. 1st
ADEVNTURES OF JANE ARDEM with Rosella Towne and William Gargan. Excellent. Plus-
TROUBLE IN SUNDOWN with that fist-fighting Irishman of westerns, George O'Brien. Excellent.

***

Sun-Wed., Apr. 2 to 5
GANGSTER'S BOY with Jackie Cooper. Excellent. Plus-
SAINT STRIKES BACK with George Saunders and Wendie Barrie. Fair.

***



WHO OR WHAT HAUNTS THE HOUSE OF HIRAM HORSECOLLAR?

Synoppsis of what has gone on before:

Strange goings-on are going on in the house and yard of Hiram Horsecallar, living in a house and yard of a suburb of Skunkcabbage Hollow. He came home one night from town and didn't notice the two skulking figures in black, one in the graveyard that's right next to Hiram's house, and one in the basement of his house. As we left him last time, he was just going downstairs to get a jug of Squeezins. The murderous figure in black is crouching just behind the door leading downstairs to the basement. It is dark deep and dreary night, and outside, in thegraveyard, a pale moon feebly tries to shine through a misty fog. (It missed every place but the graveyard)

Entre vous, or so:

Hirm, or Hiram, reached the door in the darkness and slowly opened it, and started down the steps. It was immensely dark so he was taking his time between the first and second steps. The thing in black raised iss arm, or something, and let Hirm or Hiram have one on the knot just above his shoulders. Hiram sort of sank to his patched knees and flowed slowly down the stps to the bottom and sorta laid there. The shape mase its way down to the bottom of the steps and stood over Hiram's curled-up form, sneering silently in the darkness, lighted faintly by the glow from Hiram's nose.

Outside, from the graveyard, came a low moan, and the thing in black raised its ugly head and listened intently or so, and slithered out of the basement into the pale moonlight and made its clumsy way to the cemetery where bones of long-forgottan things that had once been human, we hope, mouldered in graves and under tomstones that were now covered with grisly fog, and grizzlier moss. Another hooded shape crept from the protecting darkness of a cluster of trees and the two melted into one and sort of slithered along to a freshly-dug grave. They picked up shovels and started digging as furiously as two black shapes can dig. A dark cloud stole across the face of the man in the moon and when it rolled on, the feeble moonbeams fell on an opened casket and the pale face of its inhabitant that had once lived and laughed and loved. We hope. The two figures lost no time in removing the cover of the coffin and in pulling the corpse out and pushing it above their heads to the ground above. They clambered out of the grave and stood surveying their prey. They gloated, as only figurs in dark can gloat, and one of them roughly kicked the helpless corpse. It rolled over and its lifeless face and unseeing eyes stared skyward at the ghostly moon.

A wild unearthly and quite eerie scream from the side of the graveyard stiffened the two shapes into startled surprise. Another banshee-like scream pierced the air and the two ghouls faded into the darkness of the nearby trees just as a form reared itself from behind a tombstone nearby.

Continued next issue.

Editor's note: Must be something going on around there.

Farewell, you-all

The time is drawing near when many of the lads who have been very very good friends of mine will leave. This means that I will not have the opportunity or the privilege ever again, perhaps, in most cases, to see you, and associate with you. I wish to take this chance to thank each of you for your fine friendship in the past, and to here review a few of the memories that will never fade from my thoughts. I will have to leave some of the lads out, not because I want to, but because I lived through experiences with the others and didn't get as close to some as I would have liked to have, if time would have permitted.

I will never forget:

playing baseball at shortstop while Jimmy Ables was pitching, unruffled, cool, whether winning or losing. His cross-handed batting, and his third-base playing under the lights at Astoria.....hours spent with Mickey Cochran discussing politics, opera, and other phases of the philosophical side of life, and bumming cheap segars from him.....the same with John Bragg.....kidding David Davis about Mexican dishes.....saying "hello, Bawb," to Bob Stringfield and watching him grin in return.....when Arrington got whopped on the head with a skillet.. ..."Stick-em-up-slow-and-easy-like" Joe Archer and his tall cowboy tales.....many trips, here and there, downtown, up the railroad tracks, walks at night past "her" house, with Butch Bailey..... singing and forgetting now and then a verse with Slim Collins and Hank Woods over KAST, and rehearsing in the Officers' Quarters on Saturday mornings.....football games with "Ma" Fenner, a hard player, if there ever was one....."Goon" Helton and his wise cracks to and at the KAST studio, in the kitchen, and just around, and especially his wracking cakes.....touch football with Butch Goad, and just havinghim around to talk to.....watching "I and I" Prewitt and his windmill pitch in softball.....playing baseball with Roark....."Doc" Sedberry's football playing, especially pass catching in the High school and Jewell games, his wise sayings, his football bets.....Jack Lindsey's hitting that softball over second base, his favorite spot, under the blazing lights in Astoria ....Luke Williamson's softball and baseball games, and the clamdigging on the Oregon Coast that early morning.....Billy Houston's many many pleasant hours as my assistant, messenger boy downtown, a very very important part of his duties.....roller skating with Alvin Atkins....."Pop" Bolt and his long shots in basketball, his great ballgames, those fine football games he played, that "weed" affair, and just talking to him.....Galyon andhis sweet rolls.... ...Holt and his gravybowl haircuts and his laugh.....baseball, softball, and basketball games with "Chick" Munn, his many love affairs and discussions about them, and some wild moose milk times.....football playing with that tough little rascal, Billy Mitchell.....and his love affair.....hours spent with "Fat" Moses in the Canteen, his second-base playing in softball, just kidding with him in general, and beating his ears down now and then in Stars and Stripes.....railroad-track hours, slot machine hours, wild moose milk hours, miles and miles walking downtown at night in rain, snow and wind, long talks, those swell football games, and his wise way of saying things, with Charlie Price, of Ellaville, Georgia.....Fuller Pierce and his double-clutching

a Model T Ford.....softball, baseball and basketball with Steve Stephenson, and his long shots.....,KAST broadcasts and rehearsals, basketball games, Friday night dances, trading partners now and then, long talks on romance and love affairs, with Mississippi Wilson, the first person I saw for many many mornings, around ten o'clock, when he awakened me when he was Orderly in the Officers' Quarters.....listening to Bearmeat Wilson and his talk.....Holland with his yelling greeting at grazin' time.....wild moose milk hours spent with Alfred Tate, teaching him dancing, his wise sayings, and grazin' milk time.... ....Geck and his basketball playing, and his table-waiting, his sideburns.....Bender's educational efforts, and his wobbly walk home one certain night.....classwork done by Thame's..... Red Straughn's pug nose, his smile, and his girl, Helen....the Friday dances and Elmore.....Bishop's interest in his education and his dancing lessons.....Ray Baker dishing up many choice bits of gossip for The Daily Breeze.....Red Buie and his wise ways.....Blackerby and basketball...Britton playing centerfield under the blazing lights and the low moon in Astoria.....playing Stars and Stripes with Speed.....Cotton and the day spent on the wood crew.....Cagle's football playing and his driving and herding that little Cat.....Hicks, same.....Hoppy Hopkins and his fiddle, cutting down on that Alabama Jubilee at KAST... ...basketball games and other good times with Maurice Williams. .....rehearsing and singing with Shorty Williams, playing camp softball with him, just talking with him, laughing with the little rascal.....seeing Connell and Conley coming in the door of the educational building every night they had a class with Mrs. Raymond.....all these will never fade from my mind and will always be among the happier memories I will ever have. If at any time I should happen to go south, and it looks as if I'll have to, from the many invitations I have, to say nothing of some of the pictures I've seen, I will surely enjoy dropping in at your house; whether it's in a town, in a village, or as Bolt said of Fenner's home, in a place so hilly an echo lasts all day. We'll open up a jug of corn skimmins, or corn squeezins, or corn backins, and spend many pleasant hours talking over old times, old friends and old things.

Goodbye, each one of you, and good luck. Always keep your good eye open for a chance to advance yourself in any way, so that your mother and your daddy can be a little more prouder of you, if that's possible, do what you think is right, and you'll have many years of happiness.

Again, I'm glad to have had the chance of meeting each one of you, of doing what little good I might have done in helping you in your future work and attitude, all of you who are going back, whether I mentioned you above or not. If any of you feel like writing, do so, and you'll be sure to get an answer right back.

So long,

Ivan Gunther
Educational Adviser

E D U C A T I O N

DUE TO THE EFFORTS of the WPA Instructors Mrs. Josephine Raymond, Mrs. Inez Strite, Mr. Burdette Nelson and Mrs. George Cole, quite a few of the lads in 491 are getting a good education in the fundamentals of elementary school and high school subjects.

Some of the boys are not yet awake to the very true fact that they are really missing a chance here they will never never again get, to learn something that will make them a better living.

This is probably the last chance any of you will get to equip yourselves with something that will keep you from digging ditches or just staying around home all the rest of your life.

So jump into things along educational lines, whether it be the SCS courses, typing, getting a diploma that may get you a chance to step into a better job some day, auto mechanics, shorthand, or any of the many subjects offered.

Better wake up, some of you.

---- 491 ----

Pop Bolt: "How come you write so slowly, Roy?"
Fat Moses: "I gotta. My girl can't read very fast."

THE WORKBOOKS now being used in the academic classes are surely the thing, according to the boys using them.

They can be taken to the barracks and worked on, and then when the class meets, they are taken to class and gone over.

In this way a student can go as fast as he wants to, can get help in the absence of the teacher from any of the foremen, the EA, AEA, or any of the officers, or from anyone who knows.

491

THE EDUCATIONAL CONFERENCE recently completed in Vancouver Barracks was a highly successful one, according to Lt. Parrott, EA Ivan Ginther, and Project Superintendent Garry Briggs, who attended.

Many new ideas on how to carry out a successful educational program, one fitted to the men, were obtained from lectures, discussions by other advisers, District EA Don Mace, Corps Area Adviser Dr. Wiedeman, and others in authority.

---- CCC ----

Mrs. Strite: "And where is the population of your state most dense?"
Cotton: "Just above the eyes."

--- 491 ---

WE KINDA THOUGHT it would be nice for all the lads who are going home, and for the lads who are staying here who might want to know where the lads are, to have the addresses of those leaving. So, here they are:

Clarence Bolt
% Cliff Sampler
Wellington, Ala.

Jack Lindsey
1807 Bell Ave., S.
Columbus, Miss.

Charley Munn
3400, Spottswood
Memphis, Tenn

Lamar Wilson
DeKalb, Miss.
Rt. 4

James B. Stephenson
Ackerman, Miss

George Anderson
Route #2
Lyons, Ga.

John Bragg
Route #2
Coolidge, Ga.

Albert Langford
Penfield, Ga.

Charlie Price
Ellaville, Ga.
Route #1

Rex Wilson
635 12th St.
Augusta, Ga.

James Buie
123 Davis St.
Fayetteville, N.C.

Roland Davis
Route #1 Box 10
Hope Mills, N.C.

Paul Taylor
Rising Sun, Md.

Ralph Bailey
65 Rankin Ave.
Asheville, N.C.

LeRoy Halland
703 Railroad St.
Tarboro, N.C.

Herbert Champion
Route #1
Nelson, Va.

Hilliard Cochrane
21 Longview Road
Asheville, N.C.

Johnie Akins
107 Alabama St.
Carrollton, Ga

Hugh D. Connell
Route #2
% Iria Carter
Glenwood, Ga.

Tommy Scruggs
Route #2
Saltillo, Miss

Ray Baker
Route #1, Box 88
Dozier, Ala.

Clyde Baldwin
19-9th Ave. Lowe Mill
Huntsville, Ala

Gettys Barley
Lanett, Ala.

Calvin Bender
Rt.#1, Box 78
Selma, Ala.

William Bishop
Albertville, Ala.

Ralph Blackerby
Peachburg, Ala.

Rudolph Britton
Geiger, Ala.

George Brown Jr.
Shiloh, Ala.

Maburn Brown
1501 5th Ave., S.
Decatur, Ala.

Fred Cagle
Route #1
Hanceville, Ala.

James Campbell
806 Cedar St.
Greenville, Ala.

Leander Conley
Route #2
Tuscumbia, Ala.

John Cotton
Route #1
Abbeville, Ala.

Edward Dismukes
Shiloh, Ala.

Leslie Elmore
Route #2
Athens, Ala.

O.C. Feaster
General Delivery
Florala, Ala.

Sam Geck
Coy, Ala.

George Hicks
403 E. Pryor St.
Athens, Ala.

Hermon Hopkins
Route # 1
Hanceville, Ala

Marvin Smith
Route # 1
Newville, Ala.

Paul Smith
Geiger, Ala.

James Speed
Demopolis, Ala

George Straughn
Route #2
Andalusia, Ala.

Aubry Thames
Coffee Springs, Ala.

James Varden
Route #5
Clanton, Ala.

Maurice Williams
Route #1
Dozier, Ala.

William Buchannon
402 Spring St.
Talladega, Ala.

Leon Gray
Route #1
Attalla, Ala.

Luther Kicker
409 N. Decatur St.
Mont gomery, Ala.

Jesse Lawrence
Route #1
Hurtsboro, Ala.

John Lott
Route #2
Troy, Ala.

Samuel McCutcher
509 S. Lawrence St
Montgomery, Ala

William Meehan
345 N. Ave, N.W.
Atlanta, Ga.

Lester Morman
Roanoke, Ala.

Emmett Norris
Haynesville, Ala.

Martin Owens
Route #1
Anniston, Ala.

Charley Sellers
214 Broom St.
Talladega, Ala.

Otha Warren
Route #2
Moundville, Ala.

Luie Whitman
Rt. #3
Bowdon, Ga.

Theron Wilbanks
Route #1
Cussetta, Ala.

Marvin H. Wright
Dadeville, Ala.

James Ables
Route #2
Whitwell, Tenn.

Frank Alford
2211 E. 23rd St.
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Alvin Atkins
Bean Station, Tenn.

Joe Archer
Route #1
Buren, Tenn.

Esly Arrington
Route #1
Del Rio, Tenn

Albert Carter
Route #1
Cleveland, Tenn

David Davis
Spring City, Tenn

George Galyon Jr.
Route #2
Rockwood, Tenn

Virtis Goad
Robbins, Tenn

Wm. Helton
Route #2
Midway, Tenn.

Earl Houston
1205 Prospect Ave.
Jackson, Tenn.

Edward Holt
Crestview, Tenn

Milford Kinsler,
Kyles Ford, Tenn

William Locklear
2500 E. 19th St.
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Homer McDaniel, Jr.
309½ W. 45th St.
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Clarence McFarland
4239 Holston Drive
Knoxville, Tenn.

Billy Mitchell
Route #1
Adams, Tenn.

Robert Murr
Jonesboro, Tenn.
Route #6

Roy Moses
406 Spars Ave.
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Clarence Pack
Route #2
Sewannee, Tenn.

Mack Phillips
Route #1
Cosby, Tenn.

Clarence Prewitt
1516 Maplewood St.
Memphis, Tenn.

Fuller Pierce
Route #2
Goin, Tenn.

Marvin Roark
Route #2
Medon, Tenn.

Joe Silvers
E. 27th St. Rt.#2
Cleveland, Tenn.

Robert Stringfield
Route #1 Box 45
Glenmary, Tenn.

Granville Siler
Morley, Tenn

Sexton Williams
Route #1
Watauga Valley, Tenn.

William Wilson
Route #2
Jacksboro, Tenn.

Henry Woods
Route #3
Rogersville, Tenn.

Lt. Stephen Byars
3810 Richland Avenue
Nashville, Tennessee

Some of these addresses may be the allottee, but a letter sent there will get to the lad in a short time.

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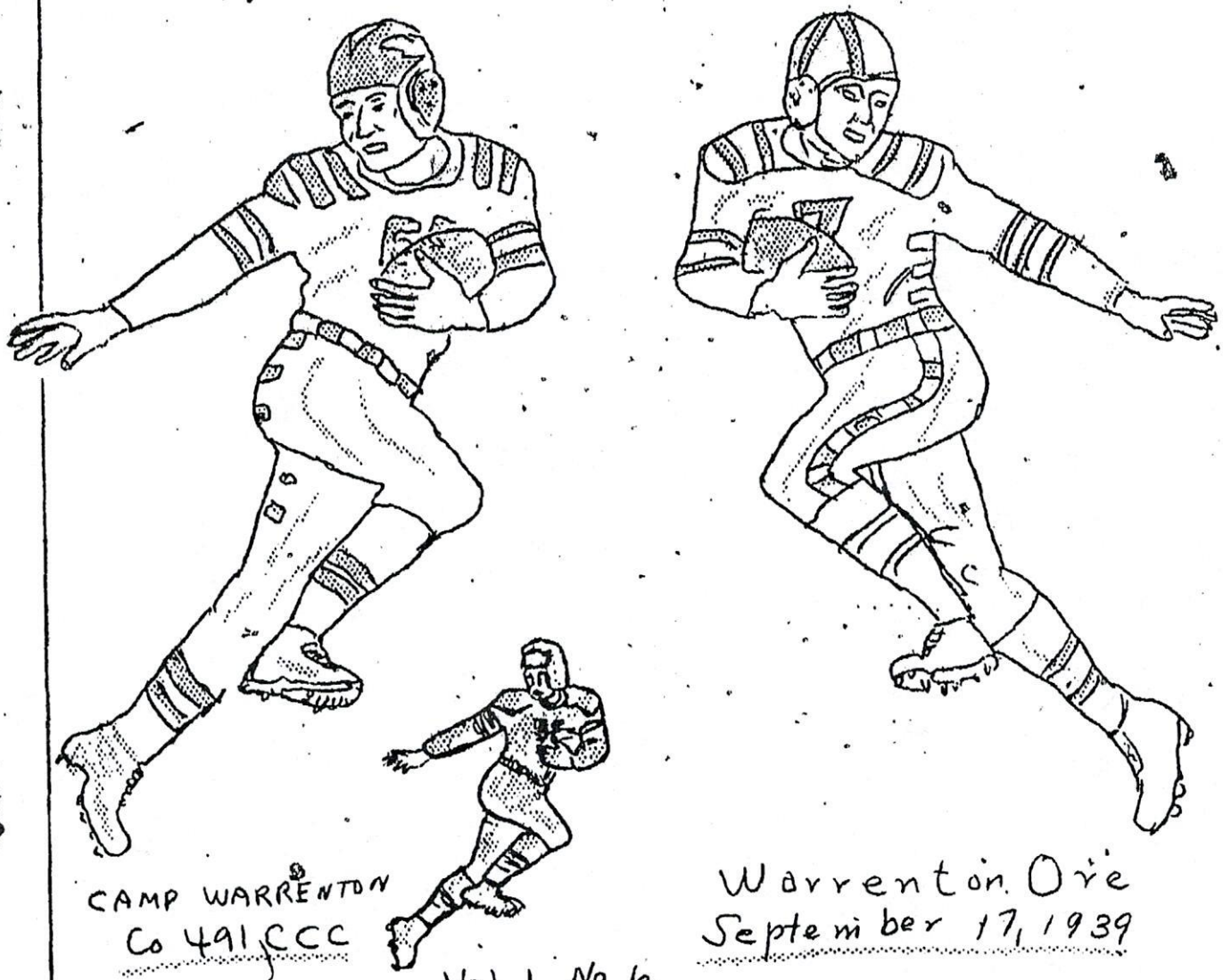
THE SOUTHERNER



CAMP WARRENTON
Co 491 CCC

Warrenton Ore
September 17, 1939

Vol 1 No 6.

THE SOUTHERNER

Published now and then, in conjunction with The Daily Breeze, of

Co. 491 CCC SCS -07

Warrenton,

Oregon

S***T***A***F***F

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Educational Adviser

Assistant Editor.....Austin Smith
Assistant Educational Adviser

Project News.....John Raby

Sports.....Richard Lounders

News.....Julio Jiminez

Jokes.....Moon Mullens

News.....Herman Bailey

If those who read this publication enjoy it, then we feel repaid for the effort in publishing it.

The Staff

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"HANK"

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1st Lt CA Res
Camp Commander

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Educational Adviser

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Contract Surgeon

Mr. Gerry L. Briggs
Project Superintendent

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Foreman

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Montague Easton
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Robert O'Kane
Nurseryman

Lloyd Walker
Nurseryman

Vernon Hamlin
Junior Clerk

Bryson Lausch
Foreman

Hans Nicolaison
Seed Collector

Mr. Clarence E. Laws
Camp Mechanic

FROM LT. PARROTT

In a few days one hundred and three SOUTHERNERS from Company 491 will leave for Dixie and Home Sweet Home. Some of you who have been in the Great Northwest for a year are transferring to another camp nearer home, while these who have been out here for only six months are leaving the Civilian Conservation Corps for good.

It is my sincere wish that every man has benefitted from his stay in this Company. If you have not then I, as well as the others in charge, have failed in one of our most important jobs. My first job is your welfare, and I hope that not a single one of you will think unkindly toward me as you recall some little unpleasant incident. I know I have made many mistakes, but they have all been honest ones. I ask your forgiveness for any error I have not atoned for.

I hope I may be able to help some of you obtain some sort of employment after you have left the CCC, and I want each one or you to feel free to write me if in any way I can be of assistance. Who knows? Some of you may meet a prospective employer who would like to know about your conduct in camp. I promise that I will paint just as rosy a picture as possible. Whether you want a letter of reccommendation or not I hope hope you will all write me when you return to the Southland. I appreciate every letter I have ever received from an ex-enrollee, and I hold them as a prized possession.

Good luck to you all; I have enjoyed having you here, and I'll miss you when you're gone. Some day I'll be back in our country, and I will see a great many of you, I hope, and when I do I'll feel that I have met a GOOD FRIEND. If any of you should ever see me, and I happen not to see you, I will certainly expect you to stop me, and it will be a priviledge to talk over "Old Times Out West". None of us know what cards Destiny will deal, but it is my earnest prayer that when she deals us a hand every one of you will have a Royal Flush of Health, Happiness, and Prosperity, and that some day you and I will meet again.

John B. Parrott

Lt. John B. Parrott
Commanding Co. 491 CCC

P. S. And to you men that are staying, "thanks fellows". We'll get by somehow.

ARE YOU EDUCATED?

Education begins the moment we are born. The first months of life is filled with new experiences; the infant reacts to these experiences according to his training during that first month. Each day of life on through the months and years brings new experiences and the individaul reacts to these experiences according to his past training, until the final breath of life is drawn and death ends his education.

Not many years ago the common opinion was that education began when the child entered school at about the age of twenty. It was ridiculous to think of anyone past twenty five learning anything new--they were too old to learn. Today we know that this opinion is entirely false; we are never too old to learn anything we want to know or need to know, whether we are seven, seventy or forty seven is right now!

Another former general opinion has quite recently been exploded by sience. It was formerly belived that anyone who had been to college was educated--they knew about all there was to know, Undoubtedly the just opinion of many disappointed parents, whose boys and girls came home from college with little to show for the four thousand spent, helped science to explode this opinion.

The desire to learn must be present before any teacher, school or college can make any headway. When we cease to have this desire to learn we are mentally dead, regardless of our age. When an individaual really wants to learn he can do so to some extent without outside help, but he can learn more rapidly and more thoroughly under the direction and guidance of a teacher.

Rapid changes in the living conditions of our nation within the past few years have made our goverment realize that adults must be given guidance to meet these changes. Today we find men and women of all ages going to school. Some are learningnew ways to work in order to make a living; others are learning new ways to play in order to spend leisure time.

The educational program at Camp Warrenton providing opportunity for continuing your education under the guidance of teachers. You may enroll in the elementary classes and secure an eighth grade diploma. You may enroll for high school subjects and secure a high school diploma. You may take most any subject you wish and get a credit. Remember your age makes no difference. If you have the desire to learn, choose your classes, talk to the instructors and begin today. Don't put it off, do it now!

TWO POEMS

FAREWELL, OLD WEST.

Listen, you fellows who leave around the twenty-third,
I'll tell you a story you hace never heard,
You left home with a grin on your face;
But when you leave 491, you're going to miss this place-----
By those in charge you were treated fair,
They did their best to treat you square.....
And 'though we must now say "goodbye",
I'm sure we will all say it with a sigh-------
Although it rained and it rained hard,
Don't forget us, send us a card-----
When you go South compare it with the West .
And then you will know which one is the best;
We are all Southerners, and we love the South,
So I guess I'd just best close my mouth-----
Because the west is nice and pure,
And we've all enjoyed it, I am sure,
But the time has come when we must depart,
So come on, boys, let's get a good start----
Hooray for Dixie.

-------Charles Almeda

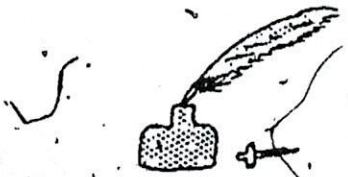
MY REVERIE

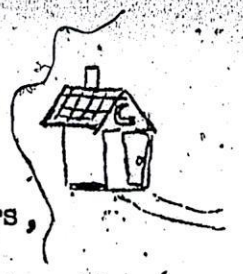
I'd like to be a South Sea Native,
And live like a Hottentot---
Where folks needn't be so creative,
Where I'd eat my jungle stew from a pot.

I'd fish and sleep and how I'd eat,
And when I wished my diet to vary,
I'd change from my regular fare of meat,
And dine on a Missionary.

I'd be free of all these sorrows and woes,
Of living within my means,
But I wake with a start as the chow whistle blows,
And rush to my spuds and beans.

------Walter Guntharp





THE PASSING OF THE BACKHOUSE.

By James Whitcomb Riley

When memory keeps me company and moves to smiles or tears,
A weather-beaten objuect looms thru the mist of years
Behind the house and barn it stood, a half mile or more,
And hurrying feet a path had made, straight to its swinging door,
Its architecture was a type of classic art,
But in the tragedy of life it played a leading part.
And oft the passing traveler deove slow and heaved a sigh,
To see the modest hired girl slip out with glances shy.

We had our posey garden that the women loved so well;
I loved it, too, but better still I loved the stronger smell
That filled the evening breezes so full of homely cheer,
And told the night o'ertaken tramp that human life was near.
On lazy August afternoons, it made a little bower,
Delightful, where my grandsire sat and whiled away an hour.
For there the summer morning its very cares entwined,
And berry bushes reddened in the steaming soil behind.

All day fat spiders spun thor webs to catch the buzzing flies,
That flitted to and from the house, where Ma was baking pies,
And once a swarm of hornets bold, had built a palace there,
And sting my unsuspecting aunt, I must not tell you where,
Then father took a flaming pole, that was a happy day-----
He nearly burned the building down, but the hornets left to stay,
When summer bloom began to fade and winter to carouse,
We banked the little building with a heap of hemlock boughs.

But when the crust was on the snow and sullen skies were gray,
In sooth, the building was no place where one would wish to stay.
We did our duties promptly, there one purpose swayed the mind,
We tarried now not lingered long on what we left behind.
The torture of that icy seat could make a Spartan sob,
For needs must scrape the gooso-flesh with a lacerating cob
That from a frost-encrusted nail was suspended from a string,
My father was a frugal man and wasted not a thing.

Whon Grandpa had to "go out back" and make his morning call,
We'd bundle up the dear old man with a muffler and a shawl.
I knew the hole on which he sat----'twas padded all around,
And once I dared to sit there----'twas all too wide I found;
My loins were all too little, and I jack-knifed thore to stay;
They had to come and get me out, or I'd a passed away.
Then father said ambition was a thing that boys should shun,
And I must use the children's hole 'till childhood days were done.

But still I marvel at the craft that cut those holes so true;
The baby hole, and the slender hole that fitted sister Sue.
That dear old country land-mark; I tramped around a bit,
And in the lap of luxury my lot has been to sit;
But ere I die I'll eat the fruit of trees I robbed of yore,
Then seek the shanty where my name is carved upon the door.
I ween the old familiar smell will soothe my faded soul;
I'm now a man, but none the less, I'll try the children's hole.

JOKES

We hope

BEING POSITIVE.
Lst Hunter: "Hey, Bill."
Bill: "Yes."
Hunter: "Are you OK?"
Bill: "Yeah, OK."
Hunter: "Then I've shot a bear."

****

WHAT ALED HIM?

Drunk: "Beliebe it or not, offisher, I'm hunting for a parkin' plashe."
Officer: "But you haven't an automobile."
Drunk: "Oh, yesh I have, offisher, it'sh in th' parkin' plashe I'm lookin' for."

****

Nabors: "That's a sick looking watch you've got there."
Elmer: "Yeah, it's hours are numbered."

------491-------

WHAT, NO UNDERTAKER?

Riviera: "What are the chances of my getting well, Doctor?"
Dr. McConnell: "One hundred percent. Medical records show that nine out of ten people die from the disease. Yours is the tenth case I've treated. The other nine died. You're a cinch to get well."

****

WHAT, NO CHANGE?

A ~~Scot~~chman rang up a doctor in a state of great agitation.
"Come at once," he cried, "my baby has swallowed a dime!"
"How old is it?"
"1894."

****

CITY GIRL.

"Oh, what a funny looking cow!" said the chic young thing from New York. "Why hasn't it any horns?"

"There are many reasons," answered the farmer, "why a cow does not have horns. Some are born without horns and do not have any until the late years of life. Other are dehorned, while still other breeds are not supposed to have horns at all. There are many reasons why a cow sometimes does not have horns. But the chief reason that this cow does not have nay a horn is that it isn't a cow at all. It's a horse."

****

Dumb Dora stood on the cliff watching the revolving beacon of the lighthouse.

"How patient those sailors are," she said. "The wind has blown out that light a dozen times and each time they light it again."

491

Charles: "I guess you've gone out with worse looking follows than I am, haven't you?"
(No answer)
"I said, I guess you've gone out with worse looking fellows than me, haven't you?"
She: "I heard you the first time. I was just trying to think."

****

A man on trial for his life was being examined by a group of alienists. Suddenly one doctor jumped up and shouted at him:

"Quick! How many legs has a centipede?"

The man came back in a dry dry voice:

"Gad, is that all you have to worry about?"

WHO HAUNTS THE HOUSE OF HIRAM HORSECOLLAR?
Chapter 111.

It seems an eon or two since we left poor Hiram Horsecollar knocked as cold as a banker's heart, or a witch's nose, (and they say that's cold) down in his cellar while the two black figures were digging up the erstwhile resting body of someone from the cold of a peaceful grave, but now that Fall has fallen and a lot of activities have been activated, or sonsummated, or some-kind-of-ated we shall go to Hiram's aid and see what can be did a bout it.

The wild scream that caused the two ghouls in black to f ade into the sheltering shadow of a huge cross that stood above the mouldering bones of a long-dead human rang out across the graveyard, lighted only by pale moonbeams that did their best to filter their way through the fog that hovered as a wet blanket or a bill-collector hovers, over the marble orchard where rested the many bones of many dead people. As the scream died down, the figure of a woman entered the cemetery and ran over a few tombstones to rush into Hiram's house. She lighted the lamp and looked wildly around for Hiram. But no matter how wild she looked, there was no Hiram to say hello to her. She noticed the open door leading to the cellar and took the lamp and started down the steps. She saw a faint glow coming from Hiram's nose and went at once to the fallen man at the bottom of the steps.

"He's still breathin'!" she muttered. She pulled him to a sitting position and, noticing the jugs that stood under the steps, brought one over and poured some of the white lightnin' down his throat. Hiram came to in a hurry and held the jug to his mouth, dry as a cotton gin, for a few minutes, then turned his eye upward to the rescuing figure.

"Amanda Axelgrease", he muttered gratefully. "How come y' come out here?"

Amanda was the old-maid central in the local telephone office. "I remember your call that someone had gotten into yer smokehouse an' stole yer hams, an' I just thought mebbe y' were in trouble an' needed help, Hiram, an' so I cum, an' here I am."

"There's somethin' goin' on around these parts," said Hiram as he got up. "I better get my skunk-shootin' smoke pole an' see wut th' score is."

"Yep," spoke up Amanda, "there's sumthin' goin' on 'round here, there's two things out thar in the graveyard a-diggin' up graves, Hiram."

"Must've been on uv them that let me have one behind th' ear, er someplace, with a shovel, an' I'm goin' out that an' let a little air through his hide," muttered Hiram. "Cum on, let's see wht's goin' on around here. Kin y' shoot, Amanda?"

"I got m' three sisters married off, didn't I? That city slicker, sellin' them highfalutin' button shoes didn't think I could, but he's m' brother-in-law, isn't he? Where's th' gun?"

And so, a few minutes later the skulking figures of Hiram Horsecollar and Amanda Axelgrease stole softly from the house and circled the graveyard.

Continued - -

"Ye better wait here fer me," said Hiram. "I'm goin' out here where y' seen 'em diggin' an' take a look around. When they come at me, you up an' git a bead on 'em. Be y' game, Amanda?"

"I shore am, Hiram," whispered Amanda, "anytime you're in danger I'll be right there."

Hiram didn't like the look in Amanda's good eye as she said what she did, but he started silently for the place Amanda had showed him where she'd seen the two things digging. He got to the place and was standing there like a snowman in January, staring at the body lying there with its face to the full moon, the body the graverobbers had just dug up, when he felt a gun in his many ribs.

"G-good Evenin'" mumbled Hiram.

"What's good about it?" snarled someone. Hiram dropped his gun and turned. He saw two figures in black with hoods on, and two pair of eyes boring into his.

About that time a loud explosion from the corner of the marble orchard, and a louder "Yippee!" broke the cool silence of the moonlit graveyard, and it announced the fact that Amanda Axel-grease had somehow gotten not only in a shootin' mood, but had also taken a few nips from one of Hiram's jugs before she left the cellar. Wham! came the other barrell, and buckshot bounced off the nearby tombstones hear Hiram and his two would-be captors.

"Put them gravediggin' hooks up in the air, you human buzzards," yelled Amanda from the darkness of a tree, "an' hustle 'em!"

The two shapes hesitated a bit, but when the third WHAM! came and with it more buckshot, they raised their hands toward the pale moon. Hiram lost no time in taking their guns and taking charge of things in general alongside the open grave. A sly grin seemed to develop on the corpse as it lay facing the full moon.

"Come on out, Amanda, I've got 'em covered like molasses covers a buckwheat cake," Hiram told her. Amanda came staggering out, knocked over a couple of tombstones on her way and somehow got up to Hiram and his two pals.

"Nice, hic! nice work, Hiram, yesh indeedy, hic! nishe work, yesshirree," she said.

"Amanda, y've bin into thet jug," Hiram Accused her, "but come on, let's march these things into th' smokehouse an' lock 'em up with the other hams. Say, you two, what's the big idee, comin' out here an' diggin' up dead bodies like this? Come on, tell me," and he prodded one with his double-barrell-shoots-twice.

"We've been selling the suits and shoes we got off of them," grumblinly admitted one.

"Who's bin buyin' 'em from y'?"

"The crossroad store at Skunkcabbage Hollow."

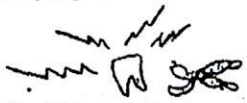
"Whut!" exploded Hiram. "I jes' got me on th' other day, on uv his second-hand ones, too, with two pairs uv pants. I saw some dirt in the pockets, but I didn't think nothin' about it."

And so, with Amanda staggering along behind, taking time-out to lean against a tombstone to get straightened out, the two culprits were locked up in the smokehouse until Sheriff Abner Twitchbottom of Skunkcabbage Hollow came out and got them and had them filed away temporarily by the state.

Somehow, Hiram escaped marrying Amanda Axelgrease, and she went back to her listening-in duties at the local switchboard, and after doing a lot of heavy thinking and heavier inhaling of corn backin's, Hiram decided to become a salesman. He decided that, if graveyard suits and shoes can be dug up and sold, he could sell tennis shoes to Eskimos.

After much decisioning on his part, Hiram decided to sell them new highfalutin' button shoes Amanda was talkin' about. He had a horse and a cart and knew the country and the people in it around Skunkcabbage Hollow, so he sent for a sample pair of yellow button shoes, with buttonhook. He mapped out a circuit and one bright Monday morning, Hiram washed his feet, put on shoes for the first time that month, put a jug or two in the bottom of his cart, clucked a couple of times to his horse, Hayburner, and struck out for the country.

And so we leave him until the next issue of The Southerner, when the adventures and dangers he runs into and out of, will be recorded.....



"Hank, why did y' strike that city dentist?"

"Cuz he got on m' nerves."

****

SO MANY REQUESTS

for this song have come in that we'll print the thing:

Makes No Difference Now.

Makes no differnce now what kind of life Fate hands me,
I'll get along without you now that's plain to see----
I don't care what happens next for I'll get by somehow,
I don't worry 'cause it makes no difference now.

-2-

It was just a year ago that I first met you------
I learned to love you and I thought you loved me, too,
But that's all in the past and I'll forget, somehow,
I don't worry, 'cause it makes no difference, now.

-3-

Now that we have really parted I can't believe it's true,
I don't blame myself and I'm sure I can't blame you------
There was something had to happen, and it happened, somehow,
I don't worry, 'cause it makes no difference, now.

-4-

After all is said and done I'll soon forget you------
Although I know that it will be so hard to do----
Let things happen as they will and I'll get by, somehow,
I don't worry, 'Cause it makes no difference, now.

****

DEPRESSION? OR NO MULES?

Ebenezer Corntassel had just returned from a visit to New York City.

"How's bizness in th' city, Eb?" he was asked.

"Terribly dull," he answered. "I stood fer an hour-and-a-half on th' corner uv Broadway and Forty-second Street an' didn't see a load uv hay movin' anywhere."

ON THE JOB

MR. GEORGE TOBIN has his crew of lads out collecting seeds from this bush and that bush to put into the nursery and plant, and when large enough, take again out into the field and plant.

From all reports his crew has a lot of good seed-gatherer-uppers on it.

Find any hayseeds, George?

*******491*******

THE SPIKE CAMP at the present time is building fences and staking out certain areas for experimental planting by the Oregon State College Experiment Station.

This planting is for grazing purposes in burntp over areas and may someday prove of untold benefit to the state.

Mr. Bryson Lausch is now in charge, with Harold Thomas as Leader.

****

MR. FRED HENSLEY is in charge of the crew that is rip-rapping the river below Seaside. They are preventing the river from eroding and washing away the rich soil of the farms in that region.

****491*****

SAID SOMEONE,

An old maid is always crying for the moon because there is a man in it.

Might could.

****

THE NURSERYMEN, Bob O'Kane and Lloyd Walker are nursing those lil plants that some day will do their bit in reclaiming the sand dunes from the sea, the towns from the sea, and have really some nursery.

Robert Brown is in charge of the entire thing, and his two assistants are really taking a load off his shoulders.

****

HANS NICALLAISON, seed collector, is collecting those seed pods in tremendously fast style and has enough on hand to almost start a nursery of his own.

He scampers about the beaches here and there, hither and yon, and collects a bit here, a bit there, and how he collects.

-----491-----

"golf is easy as pie to me."

"Yes, I notice you have quite a slice."

****

REPAIRING AND REBUILDING is the motiff in the shop these days under the careful supervision of Foreman Pinky Laws.

Ma Fenner, Tenniman, Keahey, Jimmy Smith, Shaw, are some of the lads getting treal training on the job. Some of these days those lads will be apprentice mechanics in a garage back home.

****

SPORTS

A BRIEF RESUME of the sports situation existing in 491. At the present time we are just finishing up a softball season undefeated in 21 games. We have played each of the remaining seven teams three times and have won every game, which puts us in the championship class.

The line-up that accomplished this feat, in the main, has been:

Catcher	Julio Jiminez
Pitcher	Ivan Ginther
1st Base	Lt. Louis Crouch
	Jack Mullen
2nd base	Charles Almeda
	Herman Bailey
Shortstop	Charles Alford
Third Base	John Landrum
Left field	Armando Diaz
Center field	Charley Brantley
	Charles Klein
Right field	Bull Durham

Playing a couple of games were Willis Rawlins, Stanley Holt and Jose Esquia.

------491------

BASEBALL.

In the lower Columbia Baseball League, of which Lt. John B. Parrott was president, we finished in fourth place, with four wins and four losses. Our best games were played with the league champions, Tillamook, to whom we lost an eleven-inning game, 2-1, and another game, 3-0. Bearing the brunt of the baseball games were Luke Williamson and Charley Brantley, Catchers; John Landrum and Charles Almeda, pitchers, Lt. Crouch and Moon Mullens, 1b, EA Ivan Ginther, shortstop, and outfielders, Alford, Diaz, Palmatier, Farrell, Austin Smith, and Mandon.

ON SUNDAY,

August 27th, two teams from 491 took themselves out to the softball diamond at dawn and played all day to run up the scores, 135 to 111, in 130 consecutive innings of softball. The game stopped only when darkness descended on the diamond, the crowd and the players.

Lunches were eaten between innings, when a team came to bat, and the game didn't stop once for anything.

This is thought to be a record west of the Mississippi for daylight softball. Those taking part in it, and there were no substitutions, were:

Red Early Birds: Palmatier, Almeda, Lt. Crouch, Hermain Bailey, Alford, Landrum, Jiminez, Klein, Rawlins and Herbert Smith.

White Night Hawks: Brantley, Mullen, Mandon, EA Ivan Ginther, Lt. Parrott, Esquia, Diaz, Austin Smith, Sherbert and Fenner.

Score, 135-111, favor White Hawks.

THIS OREGON DRAG ****

"Ah's lak t' do yankee, th'
Li'l AppL' or th' Shag;
Goodness gracious, wo'man Ah's
Can't do th's Or'gon Drag!
How kin yo' go stan't' go aroun
th'flo' continuously,
With just ah step, uh step, an
slide, Repeatin' it endlessly?
Ah's just can't list'n t'th's
swingan' douh' Or'gon walk;
Ah'sluv t'fling my hoofs aroun';
don't th'nk it's showin' off!
Now down South on Carolinah,
th' Li'l Appl' is th' thing,
An' wo'man when yo' do it,
Yo' gotta kno' yo' swing!
So plez don't th'nk Ah'm very
dumb; Fo' re'lly can't yo' see
Th's Or'gon dance yo' call th'drag
is not th' type fo' Me !

****

SOLITUDE

I stood beneath the dimest star and
watched the waves come up the beach
Like sinister dragons in the dark
Seeking something out of reach.

I watched the moon arise anew
the countless eons old,
and bring each wavecrest into view
Tipped with burnished gold.

****

REQUESTED SONG:
Down the lane we'll meet by the
roses, In the valley of the moon
I lost my Heart by the roses,
In the valley of the moon----
We kissed and said goodbye,
She cried and so did I,
Now do you wonder why I'm lonely?
But we'll meet again by the roses,
In the valley of the moon.

----491-----

FAREWELL.

To the words of farewell that Lt. Parrott gave you, let me add a word or two.

You all know you'll be missed around here, for after a fellow's been around a place for as long as all of you have, you will be missed when you leave.

Whether you played baseball, softball, kept score, took a great or minor interest in education, by your very presence here each of you put something into camp life that will be absent when you leave, and therefore missed.

When you write back to me, you'll be darn sure you'll get an answer, and when I make a trip back through your home states, I'll try to route it so that I may see as many of you as I can.

We'll talk over old times, times that ne'er will be forgotten, play a few ball games over, and in general, hash over the life we led together in good old 491.

Good luck be with you on the trip back, and after you get there. May the folks all be well and glad to see you.

I hope no one has taken your girl away from you while you were out here working in the great west, and that she also will be waiting for you when you return.

I hope old dog Tray will bark joyously as you swing down the lane or into the gate with your barracks bag and your other belongings. I hope he's still alive to welcome you in his faithful way. This will make your welcome complete.

May you have a pleasant and safe voyage back.

And we're going to miss you.

Ivan W. Ginther

Ivan W. Ginther
Educational Adviser

ADDRESSES OF THE FELLOWS GOING AWAY FROM 491½

Claude Wright, Stewart, Ala
Chester Lawson Moundville, Ala Rt 1
Willia Carroll Talladega, Ala Rt 4
Louis Bandy Simmesport, La
Baynard Nelson Independence, La
Ernest Sharp 621 Beech St LaFollette, Tenn
Fred Matthews Ooletewah, Tenn % J,R. Killian
Julio Jiminez 2404 Howard Ave Tampa, Fla
Mr. Clarence E. Klein 99 Skyline Ave Rt 3 Montgomery, Ala
Conley Whaley Roanoke, Ala Rt 1
Durea Keahey Talladega Service Station Talladega, Ala
Willis Rawlins, DeLand, Fla Rt 2 Box 232
John Kitchens 1431½ Noble St Anniston, Ala
James W. Lee, Lacoochee, Fla PO Box 35
K.C. LOwery Lacoochee, Fla. Box 176
Celestino Matinez 2120 Pine Street West Tampa, Fla
Armando Diaz 2208 N Albany Ave Tampa, Fla
Clarence Burgess Duke, Ala
Wm. Benson 52 Johnson Road NW Atlanta, Ga
Herman Gardner 116 Wheeler St Griffin, Ga
Marshall Currin Virgilina, Va Rt 2
John Raby 631 N Broadway, Knoxville, Tenn
Adam Major Rt 1 Box 167 Independence, La
Arthur Garrett Homosass, Gla
Robert Campbell East Tallassee, Rt 2 Ala
Thomas Strawn Ocala, Fla. Rt 1 Box 163
Roma Bronson Kissimmee, Florida
James E. Duffey White Side, Tenn Gen Del
Raul Hennig Rt 1 Box 186-B Brooksville, Fla
James Prescott Stripling St. Roanoke, Ala
Charles Welborn Pelican, La

Julian Jordan Wedowee, Ala
Rt 2 Box 127
Sir Richard Lounders
727 Henderwon Ave Tampa, Fla
J. C. Carver 809 E Main Leesburg, Ala
George Storey
West College Extension,
Griffin, Georgia Rt C
Charles Bowen Burgaw, N.C.
Dick Tracy Selma, Ala
Hoyt McClung Altoona, Ala Rt #3

This seems to be all the lads who turned in addresses, so thar y'are. Write them when you get to feelin' kinda low and kinda lonesome. It will help.